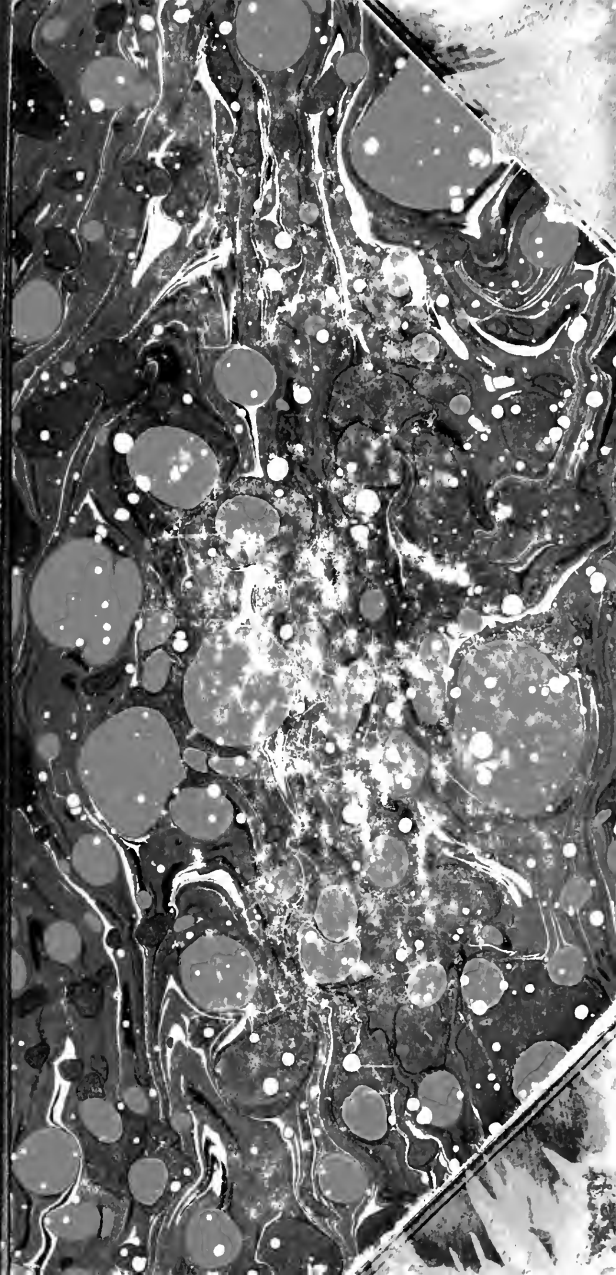
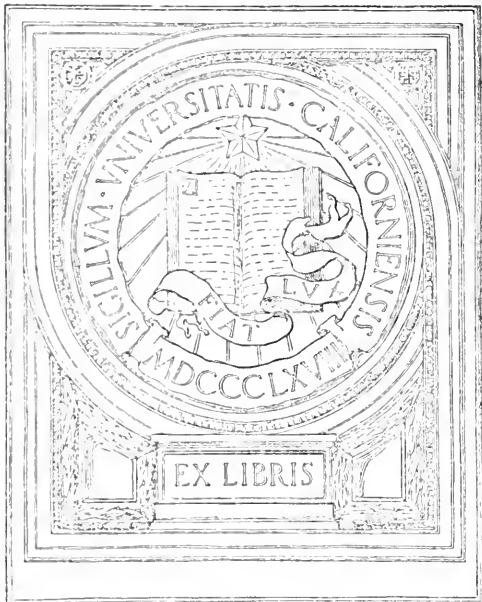


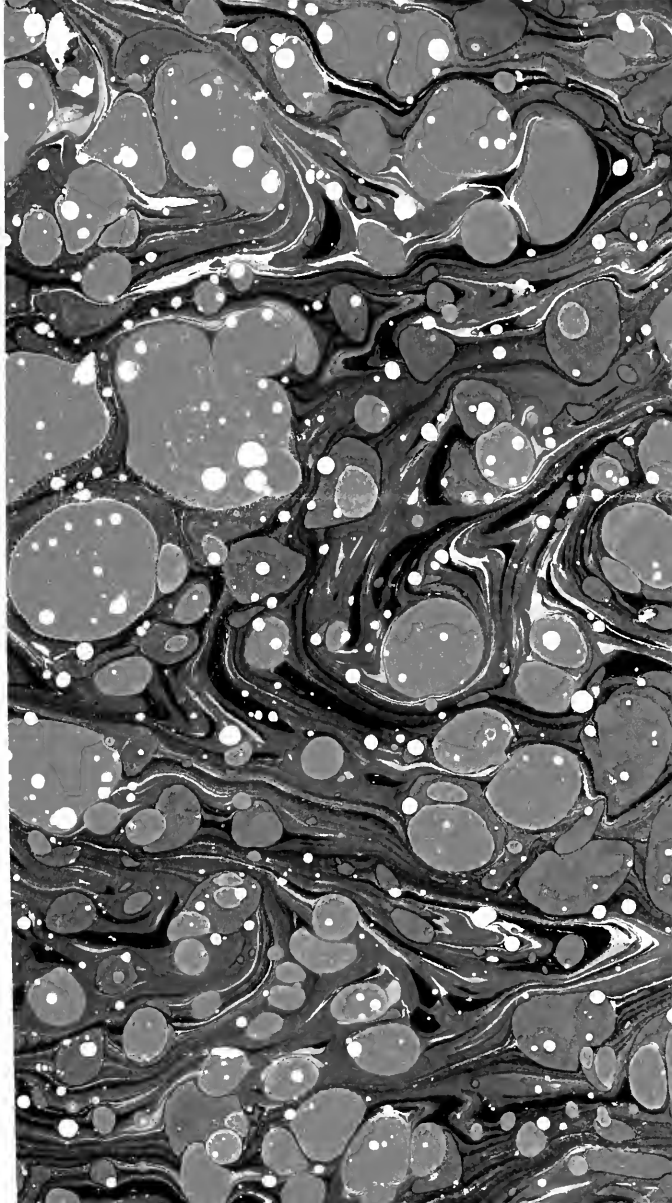
nia
l



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



THE GIFT OF
MAY TREAT MORRISON
IN MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER F MORRISON



133
—
dec
—
251

2/1
—
5.51

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



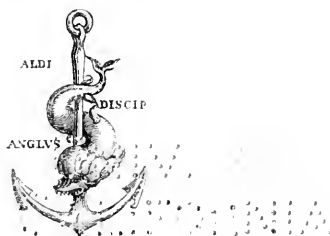
ANGLO-NORMAN POEM
ON THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND
BY HENRY THE SECOND

FROM A MANUSCRIPT
PRESERVED IN THE ARCHIEPISCOPAL LIBRARY
AT LAMBETH PALACE

EDITED BY FRANCISQUE MICHEL

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY ON THE HISTORY
OF THE ANGLO-NORMAN CONQUEST
OF IRELAND

BY THOMAS WRIGHT



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
M DCCC XXXVII

TO THE
ADVERTISERS
C. WHITTINGHAM, TOWN COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

TO THE
ADVERTISERS
C. WHITTINGHAM

1433
C56
127

PREFACE.

THE poem which is here printed is taken from a manuscript in the library of Lambeth Palace, where it is marked 596.* The volume is written upon vellum by a hand of the fourteenth century, in double columns, and is unfortunately mutilated both at beginning and end. It belonged formerly to Sir George Carew, who made a very incorrect analysis of it, which was printed by Harris in his *Hibernica*.†

* It is described in *A Catalogue of the Archiepiscopal Manuscripts in the Library at Lambeth Palace*, by the Rev. Henry J. Todd. London, 1812, large folio, p. 94.

† *Hibernica*; or some Antient Pieces relating to Ireland (Never hitherto made publick) by Walter Harris.—Dublin; Printed for William Williamson, bookseller, at Mæcenas's Head in Bride Street. MDCCLVII. folio, pp. 1—21. The same, Dub-

Gift of Mrs. A. Morrison 3-27-43

428050

Though this poem is faulty in its style, and very corrupt in its language, yet it affords extremely valuable information on one of the most important events of the reign of Henry the Second. The author, who is anonymous and unknown, had a good opportunity of gathering details on the events he commemorates, for he learnt them from the mouth of Morice Regan, interpreter to King Dermot, as he declares in the lines which at present begin his poem. It appears, however, that this rhymer did not confine himself to Regan's oral account only, but that he made use of the history, or *geste*, which Dermot's interpreter shewed to him,* and of the

lin; Printed for John Milliken, (at No. 10) in Skinner Row. M,DCC,LXX. 8vo. p. 9—45. See also Notes to the second and third books of the History of King Henry the Second, &c. by George Lord Lyttelton. The 2nd edit. Lond. 1767. 4to. p. 270.

* L. 7, 327, 1065, 1309, 1779, 2403, 2598, 3003, 3134, 3177. He also calls the account which he fol-

reminiscences of "old men," and other people.* This last circumstance clearly indicates that our poet did not live far from the epoch of which he relates the events. We must add that the late Abbé de la Rue has not mentioned him in his last work on the bards, and the Anglo-Norman gesters and trouveres.

In order to make this poem of more utility to antiquaries and historians, I have appended to the text a glossary of the most difficult words, which are not to be found in Roquefort's "Glossaire de la Langue Romane;" and the notes and illustrations have been added by my learned friend, Thomas Wright, Esq.

lows a song, viz. l. 143, 456, and 1912; and perhaps an old lay, viz. l. 3221. This seems to prove that this song was nothing else than an historical poem, a *chanson de geste* like his own, for he says that he sings, viz. l. 2064.

* L. 1500, 2437, 2581, 2594, 2678, 2686, 2822, 2955, 3053, 3171, 3400.

whose name will ensure the attention of all lovers of antiquarian lore. I am indebted for more than one literary obligation to this gentleman, who, since my return to France, has constantly given his kind assistance to my labours.

I must also return my respectful thanks to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, who graciously permitted me to transcribe the poem for the purpose of publication, also to the Rev. Mr. Ogilvie, his lordship's librarian; and to M. Lewis, for the facilities they kindly gave me whilst making my transcript.

Paris, September 20, 1836.

THE
CONQUEST OF IRELAND
BY THE ANGLO-NORMANS.

IT has long been known that there existed, among the manuscripts of the archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth, a most valuable document, though unfortunately imperfect, on the English conquest of Ireland, written apparently at the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century, and therefore not long after the important event which it commemorates, in Norman-French verse, by a poet or historian,—we may call him which we will,—who had received the history from the mouth of one who had himself been intimately engaged in the expedition; and who was no less a person than Maurice Regan, interpreter to Dermot Mac Murrough, the king of Leinster.

Bound up in the same volume with the manuscript of which we speak, is a prose abstract of this poem by Sir George Carew, who was lord president of Munster in the reign of Elizabeth, and who was himself a descendant of the Robert Fitz-Stephen who acts so prominent a part in the history. Of

the original manuscript, which is apparently a somewhat later transcript of the poem, no use has hitherto been made by our historians; probably, because it was difficult of access and of translation. But Walter Harris, in 1747, published in his *Hibernica* the abstract which had been made by Carew; and this has been ever since quoted in place of the original, and all its errors and misrepresentations repeated; and no wonder if it be full of them, for we are sure that its author could seldom translate the words of his original.

The story which our poet gives us confirms, most remarkably, the relation of Giraldus, which had been written previously; although, as independent histories, each contains many circumstances not mentioned by the other. We are inclined to suppose that Maurice Regan was not the bard's sole authority, and it is probable that from him the recital was obtained in his old age; for, in confirmation of what he says, he commonly appeals to the authority of the *old* people who witnessed it. Thus, after speaking of the death of Robert de Quency, he says:

“ Une fille pur vers aveit
Robert, qui tant gentils esteit,
De sa espuse veraiment,
Solum le ancienne gent.”

And again, speaking of the Irish barons who, in their way through England to Nor-

mandy, had joined in putting down the rebellion of the earl of Leicester with the Scots :

“ Et de Leycestre lors li quïens,
Solum li dist des anciens,
 Sur sun seignur esteit turné
 Et Flemenges aveit mené.”

We should, probably, have known more of the poet and of his authorities had we the whole of his proeme, the earlier part of which is unfortunately lost, with a leaf of the manuscript ; yet what remains is far from authorizing the assertion of all those who have quoted it through Sir George Carew's abstract, that the history was originally written by Maurice Regan himself. For the sake of shewing how ill Sir George read and interpreted his text, we will give the first eleven lines as he has quoted and translated them from the manuscript, and again as they actually stand in the manuscript itself, and as they ought to be translated. We quote from the octavo edition of Harris's *Hibernica*, published in 1770. Perhaps some of the errors in this instance must be laid to the charge of the editor : *

* We will add one instance of the utter incompetency of Sir George Carew to give the sense even of his original. We are told by the former that, “ The expedition of Ossory being determined, O'Brien returned to Limerick, and the Erle to Fernes, wher he remained eight days ; in which time Morrourh

Sir George Carew's Text and Version.

“ Parsoen demande Latinner
 L'moi conta de sim historie
 Dunt far ici la memorie.
 Morice Regan iret celui,
 Buche a buche par la alui
 Ri cest gest endita
 Lestorie de lui me mostra.
 Jeil Morice iret Latinner
 Al rei re Murcher.
 Ici lirrai del bacheller
 Del rei Dermod, vous voil conter.

At his own desire, the Interpreter
 To me related his history,
 Which I here commit to memory.
 Maurice Regan was the man,
 Who face to face indited to me
 These actions of the king,
 And of himself shewed me this history.
 This Maurice was interpreter
 To the king, King Murcher.
 These things this batchellor
 Of King Dermod read to me :
 This is his story.”

O'Byrne (who evermore had been a traitor unto king Dermod) was brought prisoner unto hym, immediately beheaded, and his body cast to the dogs ; and with him a son of Daniel Kevanagh was executed ;” on which Harris, naturally enough, observes in a note, “ It does not appear anywhere what the offence of Daniel Kavenagh's son was, that the loyalty and good services of the father could not atone for him.” In fact the poem says as distinctly as possible that it was

The Text from the MS., with our Version.

* * * * *
 “ Par soen demeine latinier,
 Que moi conta de lui lestorie,
 Dunt faz ici la memorie.
 Morice Regan iert celui,
 Buche a buche parla a lui,
 Ki cest jest endita,
 Lestorie de lui me mostra.
 Icil Morice iert latinier
 Al rei Dermot, ke mult lout cher.
 Ici lirrai del bacheler,
 Del rei Dermot vus voil conter.

* * * * *
 —By his own interpreter,
 Who related to me the history of him,
 Of which I here make memorial.
 Maurice Regan was he,
 I spoke mouth to mouth with him,
 Who endited this history,
 [Who] shewed me the history of him.
 This Maurice was interpreter
 To King Dermot, who loved him much.
 Here I will read of the bachelor [*i. e. the king*];
 Of King Dermot I will tell you.”

We see at once in this translation how arose the error that Regan had written the history. We rejoice in being able to say, that an edition of the original poem is now in the press, to the accuracy of which we can bear

a son of Morrough who was taken and executed with his father—

“ E Dovenald Kevenāth un sun fiz
 Aveit al cunte mené e pris.”

our own testimony, as we have been favoured with the sheets. We rejoice, because the publication of this document will throw light on a most interesting piece of history, and one which has hitherto been peculiarly ill treated by historians. Yet few events have had the good fortune to be recorded by two contemporaries so well fitted for the task as Giraldus and Maurice Regan—one closely related to the heroes (for heroes we may truly call them) who performed the enterprize; the other, an immediate agent of the native chieftain in whose aid it was performed. For our own part, we feel an entire conviction of the candour of the Welshman, in the use of the materials he had collected for his history. The testimony of the Irishman is delivered with too much simplicity to allow us to suspect him of intentional misrepresentation.

It happens, unfortunately, that the rolls of the reign of the second Henry are nearly all lost. In the reign of John they first begin to be numerous, and they then throw great light upon Irish history. The charter-rolls of this reign contain the confirmations of most of the grants of land made to the first conquerors.

In spite of all which has been advanced to the contrary, we shall still continue to look upon the ancient Irish as a wild and barbarous people. Such were they found when

the Romans entered Britain ; such were they in the time of the Saxons ; and their character was not changed for the better when the Anglo-Normans succeeded in establishing themselves in the isle. For ages they had infested, by their piratical depredations, the coasts of England and Wales ; when, during the days of Saxon rule, a rebellious noble had been defeated in his projects, he fled immediately to Ireland to recruit his strength ; and at its conquest at the end of the twelfth century, the country was full of English slaves, who had been purloined from their homes. Such being the case, we need not wonder if our kings sometimes contemplated the conquest of Ireland as a matter of policy ; and it appears from the Saxon Chronicle, that William the Conqueror had himself formed the design of reducing it to a dependence upon the English crown. The passage, from its briefness, and from the late and bad Saxon in which it is written, is rather obscure ; the sense seems to be, that if the king had lived two years longer he would have subdued Ireland, and that by the renown of his valour, without even striking a blow (and gif he moste þa gyt twa gear libban. he hæfde Yrlande mid his werscipe gewunnon. and wið-utan ælcon wæpnon).

An historian of the twelfth century characterizes the Irish of his time as a people so

little accustomed to peace and quiet, that they only slackened in their depredations upon others to pursue more inveterately their internal dissensions. In the latter half of this century, the petty king of Leinster was Dermot Mac Murrough, who is described by historians as a bold and valiant prince, but proud and restless; as little liked by his neighbours for his encroachments upon their rights, as he was agreeable to his own subjects by his overbearing tyranny. He had reduced to the condition of tributaries several of the petty kingdoms which bordered on his own, among which was that of Meath; and in one of his wars he had carried with him to Leinster, O'Karrel, the son of the king of "Yriel." A district nearly adjoining to the kingdom of Dermot, which our Anglo-Norman poem calls Leschoin, and which Harris, in his *Hibernica*, explains by Leitrim, and Giraldus by Meath, was governed during this same period by King O'Rourk, whose residence appears to have been at "Tirbrun," in a wild and woody district. The wife of O'Rourk was the daughter of Melaghlin Mac Coleman, the king of Meath, who was herself amorous of the king of Leinster. The love between the lady and Dermot seems to have been mutual, though our poem insinuates that the object of the latter in seducing O'Rourk's wife was to revenge

the disgrace which his people had suffered at "Lechunthe;" where it would appear that the people of O'Rourk had made an hostile incursion into Leinster. At this uncivilized period, when an Irishman left his home for a short period, it appears to have been a common and necessary precaution to hide his wife in some corner during his absence. King O'Rourk selected for this purpose a secret place, apparently not far from Tirbrun, which Giraldus calls "*insula quædam Mediæ*"—a certain island in Meath; but his queen had already yielded to the importunities of Dermot: she invited him to enter "Lethcoin," with a sufficient force, during the absence of her husband, and at Tirbrun he was encountered by her messenger, with information of the place of her concealment; whence—"rapta," as Giraldus has it, "*quia et rapti voluit*"—she was carried away by Dermot to Ferns.

The first thought of O'Rourk, when he received intelligence of the violence which had been done to him by Dermot, was of revenge. He carried his complaint to the king of Connaught, who was then looked upon as the superior monarch over all Ireland, and who immediately espoused his cause; and by his instigation, all the chiefs who were tributary to Dermot deserted their superior lord. Among these were the king

of Ossory, to whom was promised Dermod's kingdom of Leinster, after the expulsion of its present sovereign; Melaghlin (*Malathlin*), the king of Meath; Hasculf Mac Turkil, the Danish king of Dublin; and Murrough O'Brien (by Carew translated O'Byrne), whom the author of our poem stigmatizes as "un mal félon;" or, as we might say in simple English, a singularly great scoundrel. It would appear, indeed, that the king of Leinster had put more than ordinary confidence in O'Brien: when all his other friends had deserted him, he seems still to have clung to the hope that he would return to his allegiance, and therefore he felt the more sensibly his ingratitude and perfidy. Dermod had taken refuge in the city of Ferns, where was his paramour, and where he was harboured, we are told, in an abbey of St. Mary's. Here he resolved to make a last attempt to obtain an interview with O'Brien, and for that purpose had recourse to a stratagem. Disguised in the long robe of a monk, which he had borrowed of the abbot of St. Mary's, and which concealed his head and body, and even his feet, he made his way in safety to O'Brien's residence; but here again the king was unsuccessful: O'Brien refused to hold any parley with him, loaded him with reproaches and threats, and retreated into the woods.

Deserted by those in whom he put his trust, his party at home too weak to make head against his enemies, the king of Leinster was driven to seek aid amongst strangers. He left the harbour of "Corkeran," attended by Awelif O'Kinad, and, according to the recital of Maurice Regan (who, we suspect, must have been guilty of exaggeration, or the writer of the manuscript of error), with more than sixty ships. With a favourable wind he soon reached Bristol, where with his followers, and, according to the common report, with the wife of King O'Rourk, he was lodged in the house of Robert Harding, at St. Austins. Thence, after a short stay, he passed through Normandy, into Aquitaine, where he found the king of England, Henry II., who listened with attention to his complaint, and promised him assistance as soon as possible. Dermod returned to Bristol with the royal letters to Robert Harding, his former host, ordering him to furnish the refugees with every necessary during their residence there; and, according to Giraldus, with the king's letters-patent, authorizing his subjects to assist him in recovering his kingdom. At Bristol he made a stay of nearly a month; but at length, despairing of any immediate aid from the king, and with the hope of alluring private adventurers to join his standard, he pro-

claimed rewards of extensive possessions in Ireland to all those who would be instrumental in the recovery of his lost territory. The liberality of his promises quickly attracted the attention of Richard Fitz-Gilbert, surnamed Strongbow, earl of Strigul.

Earl Richard was descended from a great and noble family, being the son and heir of Gilbert, earl of Pembroke, who was the grandson of that Richard de Clare who had distinguished himself so highly in the memorable battle of Hastings. He is described as a man liberal and courteous, ever ready to listen to the counsel of his friends, cautious in the cabinet, yet bold and resolute in the field. In time of peace he was distinguished by his gentle bearing, having more of the freedom of the soldier than of the haughtiness of a chieftain; but in war he shewed more of the commander than of the soldier, less of the indiscriminate daring of the latter than of the firm and cool valour of the former. Such was Strongbow, if we believe his contemporaries. By some means or other he had lost, we are told, most of his paternal possessions: to support his character and rank, it would appear that he had been obliged to borrow, probably of the Jews, who in those days were the grand usurers; and at the time when Dermod was seeking private adventurers for the invasion of Leinster, Strong-

bow was driven, as much by his own limited fortune as by the clamorous importunities of his creditors, to listen to his proposals. The Irish king offered him his daughter in marriage, and, with her, the kingdom after his death; and the earl promised to come to his assistance at the first approach of spring.

From Bristol, Dermod passed over into Wales, and was honourably received by the Welsh king, Rhys ap Gruffydh, and by the bishop of the see at St. David's, where he stayed two or three days, until ships were procured to carry him over to Ireland. At St. David's, he became accidentally acquainted with one who was to play an active and prominent part in the events which followed. This was Robert Fitz-Stephen, who had been treacherously arrested and imprisoned by his kinsman, the Welsh king, because he would not join the latter in rebellion against his sovereign, the king of England. At the intercession of Dermod and of his half-brothers, the bishop of St. David's and Maurice Fitz-Gerald, it was agreed that he should be liberated, on condition of joining in the Irish expedition in company with Maurice; and it was stipulated that, in return for their services, Dermod should give in fee to the two brothers the city of Wexford with the two adjacent *cantreds*, or hundreds. They, also, promised to sail for Ireland at the

opening of spring. The Irish king seems to have had still a few faithful adherents in his own country, and he was naturally anxious to return thither as soon as he had secured assistance from England. He accordingly left St. David's in August 1168, with a small number of attendants, and arrived safely at Ferns; where he was privately but honourably received by the clergy of the place, and where he remained during the winter.

According to the Norman rimer, Dermot was attended in his voyage by a small party of English, led by a Pembrokeshire knight, Richard Fitz-Godobert; but finding, perhaps, on his arrival, his own party in Ireland much weaker than he had expected, and thinking that so small a body of foreigners would be rather an impediment than an aid, he seems to have dismissed them; and he sent to Wales his secretary, Maurice Regan, to hasten the preparations of Fitz-Stephen, and to allure others to his standard by offers of lands and money.

We may well admire the circumstance of one family, by the mother's side, having produced so many great and brave men as were associated together in the first invasion of Ireland. Nesta or Nest, the daughter of Gruffydh ap Rhys, king of South Wales (the father of the Rhys who was king when Dermot visited St. David's), became the concu-

bine of Henry I. of England, and by him bore a son named Henry, whose sons were Meiler Fitz-Henry and Robert Fitz-Henry. She afterwards married Gerald of Windsor, who was constable of Pembroke, and by him she had three sons : William, who was the father of Raymund le Gros ; Maurice Fitz-Gerald ; and David, who was bishop of St. David's. Her second husband was Stephen, the constable of Aberteivi, or Cardigan, by whom she had Robert Fitz-Stephen. A daughter of this same Nesta married William de Barri, of Pembrokeshire, by whom she had four sons, Robert, Philip, Walter, and Girald, the historian of the enterprize.

As the spring approached, Robert Fitz-Stephen made himself ready for the voyage. In the month of May, 1169, his little armament of three ships arrived at the Banne ; his army consisting of a hundred and thirty knights, his own kinsmen and retainers, with sixty other men of arms, and about three hundred chosen Welsh archers on foot. Among the more eminent of his companions in arms—the “ chevalers de grant pris” of the poem—were Meiler Fitz-Henry, Miles Fitz-David, who was the son of the bishop of St. David's, and Hervy de Montmaurice, a soldier of fortune, who had come on the part of Earl Strongbow. The day following, at the same place, arrived Maurice de Pren-

dergast, who had set sail from Milford Haven in two ships, with ten knights and a considerable body of archers.

In that part of Ireland which was first occupied by the English, the older Irish names of places seem in many instances to have been changed and forgotten; and we have now a difficulty in identifying the places which are mentioned in the recitals of Giraldus and of Maurice Regan. The place where Fitz-Stephen's armament landed, then called simply the Banne, is by tradition identified with the small peninsula on the coast of Wexford, forming the promontory now called Baganbun. The headland called Baganbun, consisting altogether of about thirty acres, forms a bold projection towards the Welsh coast. On one side of the greater promontory is a lesser one, stretching out to the east, about two hundred yards long and seventy broad, accessible only at its extreme point; beyond which rises a large, high, insulated rock, which forms a breakwater to the surf on the point, and which is imperfectly joined to the main-land by several smaller rocks, which just appear above water, and which are described as forming a kind of causeway to the point of the promontory itself. Here tradition says that Fitz-Stephen ran in his ships, mooring them under protection of the larger rock, and landing his

men by means of the low ridge. The cut between the last of these rocks, across which he is said to have sprung, is now popularly called *Fitz-Stephen's Stride*. The adventurers are supposed to have first occupied the esplanade of the smaller peninsula, and there still remain distinct traces of the hasty fortifications which are said to have been thrown up. On the isthmus which connects the lesser peninsula with the greater, a deep fosse, about seventy yards long, extends from side to side; which was bounded on each edge by high mounds of earth, and in the centre covered by a half-moon bastion, twenty yards in circumference. On each side of this bastion may be traced passages through the fosse, and the bastion itself is connected with the esplanade by a mound of earth. This bastion commanded the approaches, and overlooked "all the ground in the vicinity." Some few years ago, on turning up the soil around the edge of the esplanade, were discovered the remains of fires, at regular intervals, on the edge of the precipices; which are supposed to have been the watch-fires of the videttes who were stationed around the encampment. In the middle is an oblong hollow space, like the foundations of a house, which is popularly called *Fitz-Stephen's Tent*. The neck, which joins the greater promontory with the main-land, is also de-

fended by a double fosse, deep and broad, stretching across the whole breadth—a space of two hundred and fifty yards.*

Such is the place pointed out by tradition as the first Irish ground occupied by Fitz-Stephen. Tradition, however, as we have ourselves had too many reasons for knowing, is but an erring monitor; and, in the present instance, we are not inclined to put much faith in it. The position and form of the promontory of Baganbun seems to answer better to the description of the place of landing of the gallant Raymund, and to the fortifications which he raised there; and we think it more probable that Fitz-Stephen landed at Bannow, a point, certainly more convenient for the intended expedition against Wexford. Giraldus calls the place *Insula Bannensis* (or, as the printed text has it, *Banuensis*), and, as the sea has made such changes on this spot as to have buried a whole town, it may in his time have been a peninsular promontory.

There is, indeed, no reason for supposing that Fitz-Stephen took much trouble to fortify the place of his landing; the Norman poem tells us that he encamped on the sea-shore, and Giraldus gives us clearly to un-

* The foregoing description of the promontory of Baganbun is taken chiefly from a paper by Dr. Walsh in the *Amulet*.

derstand that his position was by no means strong, though the insular form of the place gave it a certain degree of security. Dermot was at Ferns, in expectation of their arrival, the first intelligence of which raised the hopes of his friends and caused them openly to join his standard; and, having previously despatched his natural son, Donald Kavenagh, to announce his approach, he hastened to join and welcome the English adventurers, bringing with him about five hundred men. The king rested that night with Fitz-Stephen, in his encampment on the beach, and the next morning they marched with their little army towards Wexford.

The people of Wexford, who prided themselves much upon their valour and former exploits, boldly sallied forth to meet the enemy. Their number was about two thousand; but they were unaccustomed to the sight of knights mounted and clad in armour, such as were the men who now presented themselves to their view; and, having first burnt the suburbs, they hastily retreated within their walls. The English advanced directly to attack the town, which was obstinately defended. Among the first who mounted the walls was Robert de Barri, the elder brother of the historian Giraldus; a large stone from the besieged struck him

on the helmet, he fell headlong into the fosse, and was with difficulty dragged out by his companions: many others of the assailants were severely hurt, and Fitz-Stephen was compelled to withdraw his men with the loss of eighteen, whilst of the besieged only three were killed. The English hastened from the town to the harbour, where they burnt the shipping; and they then prepared for a renewal of the attack the next morning. But the people of Wexford, although they had repelled the first assault with little loss to themselves, were fearful of the final result—they anticipated a second by offers of capitulation; and the morning when this assault should have been made, they gave their hostages and renewed their allegiance to Dermod. The English immediately entered the town, which, according to previous agreement, was delivered, with its territory to Fitz-Stephen; and the Irish king granted, at the same time, to Hervy de Montmaurice the two cantreds bordering on the sea between Wexford and Waterford.

After a stay of three weeks at Ferns, Dermod, with his new allies, set out for the invasion of Ossory; whose king, Donald, or, as he is called by the rimer, Mac Donthid (perhaps, Mac Donald), was obnoxious to him, no less for former injuries than for his

late pretensions to the kingdom of Leinster. The invasion of a district defended, like Ossory, by its bogs, and woods, and hills, was a bold undertaking; but the fall of Wexford had strengthened the party of Dermod: some turned to what appeared suddenly to be a thriving cause; the hope of plunder attracted many; and, in addition to his English associates, he was now accompanied by an army of three thousand Irish. The king of Ossory, with five thousand Irish, had occupied a difficult pass, by which it was necessary that Dermod should enter his territory; there he had stationed his men behind strong entrenchments, consisting of three large and deep fosses, with a hedge behind them. When the army of Dermod approached the defile, the English rushed forwards to attack the entrenchments of the Ossorians; the struggle was prolonged from morning till evening, when, after much loss on both sides, the English knights burst through the hedge and put their opponents to flight, and Dermod's Irish spread themselves over the country to rob and destroy.

The king of Ossory and his army, after their defeat, had taken shelter in the woods, whence, on the return of the invaders, they again assembled, to harass them in their retreat. The Irish who were with Dermod, and who appeared to have been chiefly the

men of Hy-Kinsellagh, were placed under the command of his natural son, Donald Kavenagh; and the king himself marched with the English, who, as in entering the hostile country they were in the advance, now in leaving it held the rear. Donald Kavenagh soon approached a dangerous defile—it was a place where, in his wars, with the people of Ossory, Dermod had been three times defeated; and his Irish, expecting now a similar disaster, fled precipitately to the woods, leaving their leader with only forty-three men to await the enemy. The king of Ossory, taking advantage of this sudden flight, hastened with seventeen hundred Irish to attack the English, who were not much more than three hundred men. The latter were just passing the bottom of a little vale, and they feared an attack from the Irish in so critical a position; the more so, as they knew them to be “a people as swift as the wind.” Maurice de Prendergast urged his companions to keep close together, and pass firmly and deliberately the vale, until, having reached better ground, they might turn upon their pursuers; and, at his suggestion, a party of archers were placed in ambush among the brushwood. The Irish passed the ambush, but the archers, terrified by their numbers, dared not shew themselves. Soon, however, the English

reached better ground ; they shouted their cry of “ St. David ! ” and turned round upon the Ossorians, who, not defended by armour like their opponents, were quickly cut down or put to flight. The prowess of Meiler Fitz-Henry was everywhere conspicuous : Giraldus joins with his name that of Robert de Barri. The historian often dwells upon the ambitious valour of his cousin Meiler, and the modest bravery of his brother Robert.

When the Irish of Dermod’s party, who had sought shelter in the woods on the first approach of the enemy, saw the result of the battle, they rushed from their places of concealment, and fell upon the rear of the fugitives. With their axes, the peculiar weapon of these wild warriors, they cut off the heads of those who had been slain by the English or by themselves ; and more than two hundred heads were thus laid at the feet of Dermod. Giraldus has preserved an anecdote, strikingly characteristic of the savage manners of the Irish of this period. Among the heads which were thrown on the ground before him, Dermod recognized one as that of a person who had been peculiarly obnoxious to him : as he danced exultingly among the heads of his foes, he suddenly seized upon this one, raised it by the ears to his mouth, and, with a barbarous joy, bit off the nose and part of the lips.

The victors proceeded the same night to the town of Fethelin, to which there was a good and direct road, carrying with them their wounded ; and the day following they returned to Ferns, where the Irish from most of the districts which had been subject to the king of Leinster, terrified by the reports which were already spread abroad of the valour of the English, came in and gave hostages for their allegiance. The king of Ossory, however, as well as Mac Kelan, the king of Offelan, or the district about Naas, and Hasculf Mac Turkil, the king of Dublin, were not among the number. The next expedition of Dermod and his English was against Mac Kelan. Offelan was soon plundered and laid waste, and the booty carried to Ferns ; and a similar enterprize carried them through Hy-Kinsellagh to Glendalough and the territory of O'Tool. After again resting some eight days at Ferns, Dermod, resolving if possible to reduce king Donald to subjection, prepared for a second invasion of Ossory. Donald Kavenagh marched first, at the head of five thousand Irish ; he was followed by the men of Wexford, who were objects of suspicion to the king and the English, and who were therefore placed in a separate division and closely watched ; and in another division came Dermod himself, with the English.

Thus Dermot and his army wandered across the country, making, as it would appear, a somewhat circuitous route into Ossory; till one night they came to Fothard, or Fethard, where the king encamped with the English on the "water of Mac Burtin," according to Giraldus, in and about an old ruined fort. Here it was that, during the night, they were visited by that singular "phantasm" which is related by both the historians; and which, Giraldus informs us, was of no uncommon occurrence during the Irish wars. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, they saw rushing upon them, from every side, a vast army. The greater part of the Irish who were encamped in the immediate neighbourhood, struck with terror at this sudden attack, fled precipitately to the woods and bogs, leaving Meiler Fitz-Henry and Robert de Barri, who, it seems, were with them, and who immediately hastened to the encampment of Fitz-Stephen. They found the English in great alarm; for they, led by their suspicions, supposed it to be the Wexford men who had betrayed them, and who had come upon them unawares. Randolf Fitz-Ralf was on the watch, and first saw the imaginary assailants. In an instant he shouted the war-cry, "St. David!" drew his sword, and rushed towards the enemy. A soldier in armour advanced towards

him, but a blow of Randolph's sword brought him on his knees: it was one of his fellow-watchmen. The English had now time to discover their mistake; the phantasm by degrees disappeared, and passed by the camp of the Wexford men, who, equally suspicious of the others, thought they saw in it a treacherous attack by the English.

The following morning the army was again put in order, and marched forwards in search of the king of Ossory. The latter had seized upon the pass of Athethur, or Hathedur, which he had defended by a broad and high fosse, and a hedge of hurdles. At length king Dermot approached the pass; it was near nightfall; and between his army and Athethur flowed a large river, on whose banks he encamped. The next morning, his whole army passed the river without opposition, and the Wexford men were appointed to attack the entrenchments. Three successive days they advanced valiantly to the assault, and were as often driven back by the Ossorians; till, on the third day, the English, marching up as the Irish retreated, soon burst through the hedge sword in hand, and as quickly drove the men of King Donald from their position, and again laid open the kingdom of Ossory to the ravages of Dermot and his Irish, who returned to Ferns laden with the spoils. The king of Ossory fled

into Tipperary, through the district of Wenenath (Hy-Nenath?), and thence to "Bertun."

The successes of Dermod and the foreigners whom he had brought into the island became now a subject of serious apprehension to the other chieftains throughout Ireland; and Rory O'Connor, the king of Connaught, and "monarch" of the whole isle, summoned together the inferior kings, who entered Leinster with a numerous army, resolved to expel the intruders at once from the land. Dermod had received early intelligence of the storm which threatened him. Many of his Irish followers deserted him in his time of need, and not feeling himself strong enough to face such an enemy in the field, he retreated with the English to a strong position near Ferns, surrounded by bogs and water, thick woods, and precipitous mountains. This place, almost inaccessible by its natural character, Fitz-Stephen rendered impregnable, by digging deep pits and ditches over the ground by which the entrance must be approached, and by narrowing the entrance and plashing the wood with trees that his men had cut down. O'Connor first sent a messenger to Dermod, offering to confirm to him the peaceful possession of all his ancient kingdom of Leinster, on condition of the immediate dismissal of his

English allies. On Dermod's refusal to accede to these terms, the king of Connaught made some slight demonstrations of hostility; but negotiations were soon again renewed. O'Connor was well aware of the strength of Dermod's position, and the latter was willing, on any reasonable terms, to avert for the present the wrath of the king of Connaught. A treaty was therefore made, by which the possession of Leinster was secured to Dermod, on condition of his doing homage to O'Connor as his superior lord; and he delivered, as an hostage for his performance of the terms of the treaty, one of his younger sons, named "Cnuth." Giraldus assures us, that there was also a secret treaty between the two kings, whereby Dermod bound himself to receive no more English into his service, and to dismiss those who were with him, as soon as he had entirely reduced his rebellious dependants.

Be this as it may, King Dermod became so proud and overbearing by his successes, that he appears to have given umbrage even to his English allies, to whose exertions he owed them. Maurice de Prendergast, with his followers, to the number of two hundred, resolved to turn home, and, taking their leave of the king, they marched towards Wexford; where, however, Dermod had already despatched orders to hinder their

departure. Enraged at Dermod's ingratitude, and unable to leave the country, Maurice proffered his services to the king of Ossory, who joyfully accepted them, and agreed to meet him at Tech-Moylin. Maurice made his way in safety to this place, in spite of the opposition of Donald Kavenagh, who had thrown himself in the way with five hundred men: on the third day after his arrival the king came to him, according to agreement: each took oath of fidelity to the other, and they entered Ossory in company. With the aid of his new ally, the king of Ossory was soon enabled to make reprisals upon Dermod, and he suddenly invaded the territory of O'More, king of Leis (Queen's County), where his ravages were only arrested by O'More's submission, who promised faithfully to deliver his hostages on an appointed day. But the wily king of Leis, while Donald and Maurice were quietly enjoying themselves, and waiting the day fixed for the delivery of the hostages, sent a messenger to King Dermod in Leinster, begging his aid against their common enemy.

During this time, the loss which Dermod had sustained by the defection of Maurice de Prendergast was repaired by a new arrival of English. Maurice Fitz-Gerald had landed at Wexford, attended by ten knights, with thirty horse, and a hundred archers on

foot, who were joyfully received by the king of Leinster. Immediately after their arrival came the message of O'More; and, after a short consultation with the English barons, Dermot assembled his army, and made a hasty march towards Leis. This expedition had been concerted with such speed and secrecy, that it was only when Dermot was far advanced on the way that a spy brought to the king of Ossory the first intelligence of his approach. The latter felt himself unable to cope with Dermot's army, and, by the advice of Maurice de Prendergast, he hastened back into Ossory. The king of Leinster, after himself taking hostages of O'More, also returned to Ferns.

Maurice soon found, that the service of the king of Ossory was no less ungrateful than that of the king of Leinster. The presence of the foreigners was naturally enough a subject of jealousy to the natives, particularly in time of truce, when the latter were not gaining by their exertions. As the English had, perhaps, been more provident than their Irish allies, the riches they had collected provoked their cupidity; and a plot was formed to surprise and murder Maurice and his men in their sleep, and to rob them of their share of the spoils. The conspirators even ventured to broach their project to the king, who, however, was honest enough to

refuse all concurrence in it. In the mean while, Maurice demanded and obtained leave of the latter to depart for Wales; and while the king moved on with his court (if the attendants of an Irish king at this time may be called a court) to Fertnegeragh, the former passed the night at Kilkenny, ready for departure the next morning on his march towards Waterford. He here learnt that the Ossorians, who had conspired against him, resolving to interrupt him in his march, had assembled to the number of two thousand men, and had seized upon a defile through which he would be obliged to pass, which they had fortified against him. In this unforeseen difficulty, a stratagem afforded the only hope of escape. The king of Ossory desired much to retain the English in his service, and Maurice now despatched a message to his seneschal, announcing his willingness to comply with the king's desire. The king returned answer, that he would immediately repair to him at Kilkenny; the news was quickly spread over the country; the Ossorians left their position in the pass, and the English, leaving Kilkenny secretly and by night, made a hasty march to Waterford. Thence, after a short stay and a squabble with the citizens, arising from the death of an Irishman who had been wounded by one of the English soldiers, and which was

adjusted by the prudence and moderation of Maurice, they passed across the channel to Wales.

The hopes of Dermot were raised by the accession of Maurice Fitz-Gerald and his followers, who built themselves a stronghold upon a rock at Carrig, near Wexford: he had already conceived the idea of making himself master of Dublin, and of revenging severely upon its inhabitants the death of his father, whom they had murdered, and buried along with a dog. The arrival of Fitz-Gerald was itself a breach of the treaty which he is said to have made with the king of Connaught; and the latter, incensed at some petty depredations of Donald Kavenagh, invaded Leinster with a small army; but was defeated by the English, and returned to his own kingdom with disgrace.

Events were all this time ripening, which were destined to change entirely the face of affairs in Ireland. Earl Strongbow had not, as was expected, joined Dermot in the spring of 1169, but he had watched anxiously the proceedings of the first invaders, and was making large preparations for his Irish expedition. Dermot, eager for the attack upon Dublin, and in his insolence laying claim even to the kingdom of Connaught and the sovereignty of Ireland, despatched messengers to England to hasten his departure. It

was necessary, however, for Strongbow's purposes, to gain a distinct permission of the undertaking from the king of England. Historians are not agreed how far this permission was granted. Giraldus says, that the answer of the king was such that it might be interpreted in favour of Strongbow's projects; William of Newbury asserts, that Henry forbade the earl to meddle in the Irish affairs: but on this point, William's assertion ought, probably, to bear with it less authority than that of Giraldus. Be this as it may, in the summer of 1170 Strongbow was coasting the Welsh side of the Bristol channel, on his way to Ireland.

The precursor of Strongbow was Raymond, so celebrated in the after-history by the surname, which his corpulency had procured him, of Raymond le Gros. With ten knights, and about seventy archers, he landed under shelter of a rock, which is called by Giraldus Dundunolf, and in the Norman poem, Domdonuil, situated on the southern coast of the county of Wexford, but nearer to Waterford than to that city, and answering exactly in its description and position to the little promontory of Bagabun. Here, among the rocks, he fortified his camp with earth and turfs, and was joined at his first arrival by Hervy de Montmaurice, whose lands must have been at no great distance

from this place, and who brought with him three knights. With these, Raymund's company amounted, perhaps, to nearly a hundred men. When the intelligence of their arrival reached Waterford, which was then governed by two Danish chieftains, Reginald and Smorch,* the citizens assembled in haste to drive away these new intruders. They were joined by the people of Ossory, and by Donald (or, as Giraldus calls him, Melaghlin) O'Felan, king of the Decies, and O'Rian, king of Hy-Drone; and a formidable army of about three thousand men, in three divisions, crossed the Suire, and hastened towards the camp at Dundunolf. Raymund and his English boldly sallied forth to meet their assailants, but, too few to hold the field against so numerous an army, they were quickly compelled to retire to their entrenchments, so closely pursued by the Irish that both parties were on the point of entering the camp together; when Raymund, turning round at the entrance, struck down with his sword several of the foremost of his pursuers,

* " Regenald e Smorch erent clamé
Les plus poanzle de la cité."

Norman Poem, v. 1506.

The latter of these names is not mentioned by Giraldus. But who were the two *Sytaracs* mentioned by him a little further on in the history?—"Captis igitur in turri Reginaldi duobus Sytaracis, et gladio sublati."

and the English, rallying at the nervous shout of their leader, rushed again upon the Irish, who, already fallen into disorder in the pursuit, and astonished by the suddenness of the attack, fled in every direction. According to the story told by Maurice Regan, Raymond owed his victory partly to an accident. The English, on their first arrival, had swept the cattle from the surrounding country, and had placed them, probably, in the larger inclosure of the camp: confined within a small circuit, and mad with terror at the terrible shouts of the Irish and at the clashing of the English armour, eager to seek any where a place of safety, they rushed furiously through the entrance of the camp to force their way through the midst of the Irish. The latter hastily made way for them, and were thrown into confusion; and the English, seizing the moment, rushed upon their enemies, and made a terrible slaughter. The Norman bard tells us, that a thousand were left dead on the field; Giraldus estimates the slain at about five hundred. Raymond lost one of his choicest men, Alice de Berveney (perhaps De Aberveney). Seventy citizens of Waterford were taken prisoners, who, at the instigation of Hervy de Montmaurice, and contrary to the wish of Raymond, were all thrown into the sea. Maurice Regan told a different story: he said, that the prisoners

were beheaded by the order of Raymund, who was enraged by the loss of his friend Alice. But Giraldus was more likely to know the counsels and sentiments of the English barons his own relations, than the interpreter of an Irish king, who was not present at the action, and who, full of Irish feelings, when he heard of the slaughter would naturally enough attribute it to the little spirit of revenge.

Giraldus must be in error when he fixes the arrival of Raymund at Dundunolf to the calends of May (*i.e.* the first of that month), for we are assured that it was quickly followed by that of Earl Strongbow;* and yet Giraldus and the Norman poem agree in placing the arrival of Strongbow at the latter end of August. In passing the Welsh coast, Strongbow had been joined by Maurice de Prendergast and his followers, who returned with him to Ireland; and he landed

* So says the Norman bard, quoting, as usual, the authority of the *old people* :

“ Solum le dit as ansciens,
 Bien tost après, Richard li quens
 A Waterford ariva;
 Bien quinz cent od sei mena.
 La vile seint Bartholomé
 Esteit li quens arivé.”—V. 1501.

It is hardly probable that Raymund would have remained three months shut up in his little fort at Dundunolf.

in the neighbourhood of Waterford with an army of nearly fifteen hundred men. It was the eve of St. Bartholomew when the earl arrived, and the next day he laid siege to the city. Twice the assailants were repulsed from the walls, when Strongbow, observing a wooden house which was attached to the wall of the city, ordered some of his men, under cover of their armour, to cut down the post which supported it. The house fell, and dragged with it a large portion of the wall; and the English rushed through the breach, put to death all who opposed them, and made themselves masters of the city. In *Reginald's Tower* (so called from one of the Danish governors) were slain the two "Sytaracs," and were taken Reginald himself, and O'Felan, the king of the Decies, who had joined in the disastrous expedition against Dundunolf. At Waterford, immediately after its capture, Strongbow was joined by King Dermot, with Fitz-Stephen and Maurice Fitz-Gerald, and by Raymund, who had remained with Hervy de Montmaurice and Walter Bluet at Dundunolf; and at their intercession, we are told, he spared the lives of his two prisoners, Reginald and O'Felan. Immediately after the arrival of Dermot, were celebrated the nuptials of Strongbow with his daughter Eva: the kingdom of Leinster, after Dermot's death, was the dower; and

the united army, after leaving a garrison at Waterford, marched to the conquest of Dublin.

Meanwhile the other Irish chiefs, alarmed at this new arrival of foreigners, and informed of the intended attempt upon Dublin, had assembled under the banner of O'Connor, who fixed his head-quarters at Clondalkin, and distributed his army, which is said to have amounted to thirty thousand men, in the woods and passes over the country through which he supposed that Dermot and his allies must have proceeded to Dublin, with orders to fortify all the passes on the road, and to plash the woods. The king of Leinster had, however, received timely intelligence of the movements of his enemies; he consulted the English barons, and it was resolved to change their route, to avoid the woods, and to march over the mountains by Glendalough. The first division of the army, consisting of seven hundred English, was led by Miles de Cogan, with whom was Donald Kavenagh. Next came Raymund, with eight hundred English, who was followed by Strongbow and Dermot, with about three thousand English and a thousand Irish;* and, lastly, came

* The Norman poem, which gives this arrangement of the army, must be in error as to the numbers of the English. It should, perhaps, be "one thousand English and three thousand Irish."

the main body of Dermod's Irish auxiliaries. On St. Matthew's day they came in sight of Dublin, which was defended by its Danish chieftain, Hasculf Mac Turkil. The main body of the army halted at a short distance from the city, but Miles de Cogan encamped just under the wall; as did also Raymund, though at another point. Maurice Regan was immediately sent to the governor of the city, to require its delivery to Dermod, with thirty hostages. Laurence O'Toole, the archbishop of Dublin, urged the citizens to accede to Dermod's demand; and we are told, that the only subject of disagreement was the choice of the hostages, for the arrangement of which Hasculf demanded a truce till the following day. But in the midst of these negociations, Miles de Cogan, impatient of delay, ordered his men to the walls, and forced his way into the city: Raymund, who seems to have acted partly in concert with him, made a simultaneous attack on the other side. Hasculf, with the greater part of the citizens, hurried their more valuable effects into their ships, and fled to the northern islands; and, after a short but furious struggle, and great slaughter, Cogan was master of Dublin before Dermod or Strongbow knew of the attack. Dublin yielded to its conquerors a rich booty: it was given into the care of Miles de Cogan, with a small

garrison, and the earl returned with Dermot to Ferns; whence, from time to time, they made incursions into the territories of their neighbours, particularly into the kingdom of Dermot's old enemy, O'Rourk. O'Connor again expostulated with the king of Leinster, and begged that, if he would not dismiss his foreign allies, he would at least keep them within bounds: his expostulations were treated with scorn, and in revenge he put to death Dermot's son, who had been delivered to him as a hostage. During the winter (Giraldus says, in the calends of May) King Dermot, "full of years," died at Ferns, and Strongbow became, in right of his wife, *earl* of Leinster.

On the death of Dermot, a new confederation was formed against the English; the only native chiefs who remained faithful to them being Donald Kavenagh, Mac Gely of Tirbrun, and Awelif O'Carvy. O'Connor again summoned the Irish kings to his banner, and a host of wild warriors, estimated by Maurice Regan at sixty thousand men, was marched to wrest from the earl his late conquest of Dublin.* O'Connor, with

* Giraldus erroneously reverses the order of the two events—the sieges of Dublin by O'Connor, and by the Danes under Hasculf and John the Furious. A comparison of the dates will at once shew the error of the Welsh historian. It must not be forgotten, that

the half of his army, encamped at Castel Knock; Mac Dunleve of Ulster fixed his banner at Clontarf; O'Brien of Munster established himself at Kilmainan; while Moriertagh, the king of Hy-Kinsellagh, encamped towards Dalkie: and, according to Giraldus, the port was besieged by a fleet of islanders, headed by Gottred, king of Man. Two months the English had been confined within the walls of Dublin, when at a council, where were present with Strongbow, Robert de Quency, Walter de Riddlesford, Maurice de Prendergast, Miles de Cogan, Meiler Fitz-Henry, Miles Fitz-David, Richard de Marreis, Walter Bluet, and others, to the number of about twenty, it was declared that the city did not contain provisions to last with economy for a fortnight; and it was proposed to treat with the besiegers. Giraldus mentions a report, that this confederation of the Irish had been formed at the instigation of the archbishop of Dublin: according to Regan, it was the archbishop who was chosen, in company with Maurice of Prendergast, to carry to O'Connor the propositions of the besieged; which were, that Strongbow should hold

while Miles de Cogan was besieged by the Danes and Norwegians, Strongbow was in England, and that he only returned to Ireland in company with King Henry.

Leinster in fee of the king of Connaught. The latter, confident in his own strength and in the weakness of his opponents, and thinking to reduce them to the same footing on which the Danes had previously stood in those towns, declared peremptorily that he would allow the English to hold nothing more than Dublin, Wexford, and Waterford. To add to the embarrassments of the latter, Donald Kavenagh arrived at Dublin, with some Irish of Hy-Kinsellagh, accompanied by O'Ragely and Awelif O'Carvy, bringing intelligence of the revolt of the people of Wexford, and of the desperate position of Robert Fitz-Stephen, who, with his companions, had been obliged to seek refuge in the little fort of Carrig. A council of war was immediately held, and it was resolved to make a sudden sally upon the besiegers; the camp of O'Connor being selected as the point of attack. A chosen band of six hundred English was secretly assembled, which was divided into three divisions: two hundred marched first, led by Miles de Cogan; they were followed by as many more, commanded by Raymund; and, lastly, came Strongbow himself, with a third division of two hundred men, accompanied by Kavenagh, O'Carvy, and O'Ragely. The Irish were betrayed by their own security: the first notice they had of the approach of an

enemy, was the redoubted cry of "St. David!" shouted in the very midst of their tents; and, totally unprepared for defence, their first impulse was to save themselves by flight. Between one and two thousand were slain, above a hundred of whom were killed while bathing; and O'Connor himself, who was at the time of the attack in the bath, narrowly escaped. The English pursued the fugitives till towards evening, and then returned to the city laden with provisions. Disheartened by the misfortune of the king of Connaught, the other Irish chieftains who surrounded Dublin immediately broke up their camps and sought their homes; and the day following, Strongbow was on his way to Wexford. In their march through Hy-Drone, the English were opposed by O'Rian, the king of that district: the Irish were much superior in numbers to the army of Strongbow; but after a fierce encounter, in which Meiler Fitz-Henry was thrown from his horse by a stone, they were entirely defeated, and O'Rian himself killed with an arrow by a monk called Nichol; which monk gained great praise for his valour in the battle.

Robert Fitz-Stephen and his companions had defended themselves bravely at Carrig, in daily expectation of relief from Dublin; till at length their besiegers demanded a

parley. They brought with them the bishops of Wexford and Kildare, with other religious persons ; and before them they swore solemnly, upon their relics, that Dublin was taken, that the English had all been put to the sword, and that the king of Connaught, with the whole Irish army, was on his way to Wexford. They declared, that they had no intention of hurting Fitz-Stephen or his companions ; that, on the contrary, they were desirous of saving them from the fate of their countrymen at Dublin ; and that, if they would yield themselves prisoners, they should be allowed to pass in safety to Wales. Fitz-Stephen, believing that Dublin was lost, and thus cut off from all hopes of relief, surrendered : the Irish, regardless of their oath, rushed upon the English, slew several, and threw the rest, with their leader, into prison. On the approach of Strongbow, the Wexfordians immediately burnt their town, and took refuge with their prisoners in the island of Begerin (Little Ireland), at the entrance of their harbour. The earl, when he was informed of the destruction of the city, and the impossibility of dislodging its inhabitants from their asylum for the present, turned towards Waterford.

On his arrival at Waterford, Strongbow sent in haste a messenger to Limerick, with letters to O'Brien, the king of Munster, who

had also married a daughter of King Dermot, desiring him to join in the invasion of Ossory. The king of Munster declared his willingness to make war against the enemy of his father-in-law—but the hope of plunder was perhaps a stronger incentive—and he joined the earl of Leinster at Ydough, where their joint army amounted to two thousand men. The king of Ossory, daunted by the uniform success of the foreigners, offered to make reparation for all injuries he might have done to Dermot, and demanded a safe conduct and an interview with Strongbow. Maurice de Prendergast, his old ally, offered to be his conductor, and obtained the oaths of the English barons that the king should be allowed to return in safety to the woods. Strongbow loaded the king of Ossory with reproaches for his treason against Dermot; and O'Brien of Munster, perceiving that the English were prejudiced against him, urgently begged them to arrest him; and thinking he perceived some inclination to follow his counsel, immediately gave secret orders to his own men to sally forth and plunder the country. But Maurice of Prendergast, having received intimation of what was going on, ordered his men to arms; and hastening himself to where the earl and his barons were assembled, he reproached them with treachery, and, laying

his hand upon his sword, swore, that the first who dared to lay hands upon the king of Ossory should pay dearly for his temerity. The earl declared that he had not harboured the thought of injuring King Donald, and delivered him to Maurice, who, with his men, accompanied him in his return to the woods. On their way they met the men of Munster, laden with spoils. Maurice ordered his men to charge them ; several were killed, and the rest dispersed. He passed the night in the woods with the king of Ossory, and the next morning returned to the English camp, where the high character which he bore saved him from the suspicions of disaffection to their cause, which his bold conduct might have excited. The king of Munster returned to Limerick and the earl to Ferns, where Morrough O'Brien (O'Byrne) and his son were brought prisoners, and immediately put to death. The king of Hy-Kinsellagh, Muriertagh, at the same time made his peace with the English, and was allowed to retain his kingdom. Dismayed at the disasters which day after day fell upon their countrymen, in their encounters with the invaders, the Irish clergy held a council at Armagh, where they agreed unanimously in looking upon them as a visitation of the Divine vengeance upon their sins ; particularly on the unchristian traffic

in English slaves, of whom so many had been stolen from their homes.

The people of England had, probably, been used to pay very little attention to the affairs of the sister isle; and it would seem, that hitherto the progress of the English adventurers had not attracted much notice. The king of England had himself long contemplated the conquest of Ireland, but it had been his policy to cloak his views of personal aggrandizement under the pretence of zeal for the cause of the church. So early as the year 1155, he had made a formal application to Pope Adrian for the apostolical permission of his undertaking; representing to him the barbarous and savage life which the Irish led, and the advantages which they must themselves derive in being placed under the influence and protection of the Romish see.* Adrian was an Englishman, and readily listened to his proposals; and his bull, which is still preserved,

* Henry proposed, “Homines illos bestiales ad fidem Christi decentius revocare, ecclesiæque Romanæ fidelius inclinare.”—*Matth. West.* For particulars of the proceedings of the king in Normandy during this period, we would refer our readers to M. Depping’s late interesting work, *Histoire de la Normandie, sous le Règne de Guillaume le Conquérant et de ses Successeurs*, 2 tom. Rouen, Frère, 1835: a book which relates to English as much as to Norman history.

requires the king, in prosecuting his conquest, to secure to him the regular payment of Peter's penny, and to attend, above all things, to the improvement of the morals of the uncivilized people whom he was going to place under his sceptre. His continual hostilities on the Continent had obliged him to delay the prosecution of his enterprize; but in 1171, while Strongbow was in the midst of his conquests, Henry, then in Normandy, called together his barons at Argentan, and opened to them his intention of marching direct to the subjugation of Ireland.

A crowd of circumstances combined in driving the king to this resolution. The murder of Becket, the same year, had caused a general ferment, not less among the laity than among the clergy; it had raised the courage of the king's enemies, who joined in applying to the pope for vengeance against the murderers, and in aggravating the blackness of the deed and the culpability of Henry himself. The pope had appointed legates to make an inquisition into the conduct of the latter, and they were already on their way to Normandy. The invasion of Ireland would at least have the effect of delaying their proceedings: it would give the popular agitation time to subside, in turning it to a different chan-

nel ; it might also probably restore him to the favour of the Roman see, and it would give him an increase of popularity among his own subjects, and would thus add to his means of defence. At the same time, Ireland, already half subdued by an English army, must now be an easy acquisition ; if left longer, the barons who had established themselves there might be strong enough to set him at defiance. He accordingly left Normandy for England : he there assembled a powerful army, and on the fourteenth of September, the festival of the exaltation of the holy cross, he reached Pembroke, where he was detained some time by contrary winds.

Henry's first step had been to proclaim his displeasure against Strongbow, for having made such extensive conquests without the authority of his sovereign. He ordered him to appear in person at his court, confiscated his English estates, and forbade any ship in future, without the royal orders, to transport men or arms from England to Ireland. The earl immediately sent Hervey de Montmaurice to remonstrate with the king. While Strongbow was prosecuting his hostilities against the king of Ossory, Hervey arrived at Waterford, on his return from this mission, and by his counsel the former immediately sailed for England. Ac-

According to Giraldus, he met the king at Newenham, in Gloucestershire; and after promising to surrender Dublin, with its adjoining cantreds, and all the maritime towns, as well as the strong castles of Leinster, he obtained the royal grant in fee to himself and heirs of the whole of his conquests.

Before leaving Ireland, Strongbow had given his two cities, Dublin and Waterford, the first to the care of the brave Miles de Cogan, who had captured it; and the other, to the custody of Gilbert de Borard. No sooner had Strongbow left the Irish shores, than a new danger presented itself before the former city. Hasculf, who had been driven with his Danes from Dublin, had collected a numerous army amongst the islands. He was joined by a famous Norwegian chieftain, called John the Furious (in Norman, Johan le Devé; in English of that period, John the Woode; in the Latin of Giraldus, Johannes Vehemens); and together they entered the Liffy, in from sixty to a hundred ships, about Pentecost, which in that year fell on the sixteenth of May. Cogan prepared for a vigorous defence. Gilmeholmock, an Irish king who had hitherto been faithful to the English, and whose hostages were in Dublin, came with his men to receive the orders of its English governor: the latter perhaps, had no great

confidence in his ally, and feared to be embarrassed by his treachery. With the chivalrous feeling of his age, he ordered the Irish chieftain to stand aloof from the combat until he should see its conclusion: should the English give way, he was to join the enemy; but in case they should obtain the victory, he bound himself to join with them in the destruction of the invaders. The place where Gilmeholmock stationed himself is named, by the Norman poet, "the Hogges of Sustein."

Meanwhile, John the Furious, at the head of a large part of the Danes and Norwegians, approached the eastern gate of the city. Giraldus describes the assailants as men clad in iron—some in long coats of mail, others in armour formed of plates of the same metal, skilfully joined together, with round red shields, the edges of which were also defended with iron. Miles de Cogan, with a part of the garrison, marched boldly out to meet them; but the Danes, whose hearts, as Giraldus tells us, were made of the same metal as their arms, pressed fiercely upon them. Their leader proved himself worthy of his name. With one blow of his axe he cut in two the thigh of an English knight, though cased in iron, so that one part of his leg fell to the ground; and Miles and his company were obliged to

seek shelter within the walls of the city. But his brother, Richard de Cogan, with about thirty knights and a large company of foot, had left the city secretly by another gate, and just as Miles was entering the town, hardly pressed by his assailants, they fell suddenly upon that part of the Danish army which was left in the rear. Those who had advanced to the assault of the city, in the moment, as they thought, of victory, were obliged to hurry back to the assistance of their companions, of whom Richard was making terrible havoc. Miles de Cogan fell upon them as they went; John the Furious was himself slain by Walter de Riddlesford, one of Cogan's knights; Hasculf had been already captured by Richard de Cogan; and, to complete the victory, Gilmeholmock, seeing from his camp the confusion into which they had thrown the invaders, and fearing to lose his chance of a share in the action, rushed down with his Irish to join in the slaughter. Two thousand Danes were slain in the engagement—the field was covered with their dead; and the victors pursued them so closely to the sea, that five hundred more were drowned in attempting to gain their ships. When Hasculf was brought before Miles, in Dublin, his insolence so provoked the anger of the English governor,

that he immediately ordered him to be put to death.

On the evening of the sixteenth of October, the king of England, in company with Strongbow, sailed from Milford Haven, with a fleet of four hundred ships; and the next day, which was Sunday, he landed at Croch, only a few miles from Waterford, which city he entered on the Monday morning, the day of the festival of St. Luke.* With the king were William Fitz-Aldelm, Humfrey de Bohun, Hugh de Lacy, Robert Fitz-Bernard, and Bertram de Verdun. Immediately after their arrival, Strongbow did homage to Henry for the earldom of Leinster, and delivered the city into his hands; the custody of which the king gave to Robert Fitz-Bernard. Soon after, arrived a deputation from the people of Wexford, who, when they had heard that Henry was on his way to Ireland, and that he had openly expressed his displeasure against the invaders of that country, thought to make a merit

* Our dates of Henry's progress in Ireland are chiefly taken from the history of Benedict of Peterburgh. All the authorities agree pretty exactly in the period of his arrival at Waterford, except the Norman poet, whom we might almost have suspected of following too literally the authority of Giraldus, "Circa Calendas Nov.," when he places the king's arrival on the day of All Saints, the first of November.

of delivering to him their prisoner, Robert Fitz-Stephen. The king at least pretended to give ear to their accusations, and, after severely reprimanding the delinquent, ordered him to be closely confined in Reginald's Tower. After having received the oaths of fidelity from the kings of Cork, Limerick, and Ossory, as well as from Melaghlin O'Felan and Reginald the ex-governor of Waterford, the king proceeded to Dublin, having previously made an excursion to Cassel and Lismore.

The king, after passing through Ossory arrived at Dublin about Martinmas; where, outside the city by St. Martin's church, was raised for him a palace of wood and twigs, such as those in which the Irish kings were accustomed to hold their courts (*scilicet ad morem patriæ illius*), though probably on a much larger scale. He there held, with great splendour, the festival of Christmas-day (which fell on a Saturday, and was, according to the manner of reckoning in those days, when the old custom of the pagan Anglo-Saxons was still in use, the first day of the year 1172), his court being attended by most of the native chieftains.

At Dublin the king received the homage of most of the Irish chieftains, except those of Connaught and Ulster. The inclemency of the season obliged him, as well as Strong-

bow, who held his court at Kildare, to pass the winter in inaction ; and the news of the arrival of the cardinals from Rome, and the rebellious projects of his son Henry, obliged him to leave Ireland, content with receiving the homage of O'Connor by proxy, as the haughty chieftain would not deign to pass the Finn, the boundary of his kingdom, where he was met by Hugh de Lacy and William Fitz-Aldelm. The whole of Ireland had now acknowledged the supremacy of the king of England, except Ulster ; which, before his departure for England, the king granted to John de Courcy, "on the condition that he could conquer it." He also granted Meath in fee to Hugh de Lacy.

At the festival of the purification, the second of February, the king was still at Dublin. He gave the government of that city to Hugh de Lacy, leaving with him Robert Fitz-Stephen, whom he had liberated before quitting Waterford, Meiler Fitz-Henry, and Miles Fitz-David ; and on Ash-Wednesday, which that year fell on the first of March, he entered Wexford. The army proceeded thence, about the middle of Lent, to Waterford, to embark on board the ships which waited there ; and, having left these two last-mentioned towns in the custody of Robert Fitz-Bernard, the king left Ireland on Easter-day, the sixteenth of April, and the same

day entered Milford Haven, whence he hastened to Normandy.

From the period of Henry's visit to Ireland, we may date the dependence of that country upon the English crown; although the struggle between the invaders and the natives was by no means ended. The succeeding history unfolds to us a long series of violent encounters, of surprises, stratagems, and murders. With the spring of 1172, Strongbow had again commenced hostilities, which were chiefly directed against Offaly; and in his return from one of these excursions, in a sudden and unexpected attack from the Irish, he lost his constable and standard-bearer, Robert de Quency, to whom he had given in marriage his sister Basilea. Raymund sought the hand of the widow, and the constableness, until the only daughter of De Quency should be of age to marry. His demand was refused: he left Ireland in disgust, and returned to Wales; and the constableness was given to the care of his envious rival, Hervy de Montmaurice. When the Irish were no longer held in check by the bravery and experience of Raymund, the loss of his services was soon felt by the English, and he was recalled by Strongbow; who now, at last, consented to give him his sister in marriage, and with her the custody

of the constableness and considerable grants of land, including Fothard, Hydrone, and Glascarrig. At the same time, he made a general distribution of lands to his followers: he gave O'Barthie to Hervy; he gave Ferne-genall to Maurice of Prendergast, who also possessed the district of Kinsellagh; to Meiler Fitz-Henry he gave Carbery; and to Maurice Fitz-Gerald, Wicklow and the territory of Mac Kelan.

Hugh de Lacy, who had been left governor of Dublin, nearly fell a victim to the treachery of O'Rourk, whom Giraldus calls "the one-eyed king of Meath." He was saved by the vigilance of Maurice Fitz-Gerald. O'Rourk himself was killed; and soon afterwards, Lacy, having by the king's orders delivered Dublin to Strongbow, entered into Meath, which the king had granted to him, and distributed large gifts of land among his followers. The whole strength of the Irish was now directed against the new settlements in Meath; and during Hugh de Lacy's absence his lands were invaded, and his castles, particularly that of Trim, destroyed.

But if disunion was sometimes the bane of the English settlers, it was much more frequently the cause of defeat and disgrace to the natives. Immediately after the invasion of Meath, we find the king of Ossory, the

old enemy of Dermot, leading the English army against the distant city of Limerick.* After prodigies of valour performed by the latter, who were led by their favourite commander Raymund, that city was taken; and the aid of the conqueror was almost immediately solicited by Dermot Mac Carthy, the king of Desmond, against his rebellious son. This district also became tributary to the English. While Raymund was at Limerick, his brother-in-law, Earl Strongbow, died at Dublin, in the beginning of the June of 1176, the sixth year after the first landing of the English adventurers in Ireland; and Raymund immediately left Limerick, which it would have been dangerous to retain at this critical moment, to the care of an Irish chieftain. The latter immediately rebelled, and Limerick was lost for the second time since its first occupation by the English. Maurice Fitz-Gerald died at Wexford, at the end of the August following. After Strongbow's death, the king confided the government of Ireland to William Fitz-Aldelm.

The government of Fitz-Aldelm was weak and ungrateful to the English; and John de Courcy was driven, by his disgust with the conduct of his superior, to undertake his long-projected expedition against Ulster.

* In the commencement of this siege ends abruptly the Norman poem.

With a few brave companions he made a three-days' march through a hostile country, and on the fourth reached the city of Down; which, totally unprepared for so sudden an attack, was immediately occupied by the invaders. The king, Dunleve, saved himself by flight; but, after some attempts at negotiation, he returned with an army of ten thousand men to recover his capital. The men of Ulster were the bravest of the Irish, yet John de Courcy, disdaining to fight within walls, advanced from the city to meet them; and a long and obstinate battle ended in the success of the English, who made so terrible a slaughter of their enemies, that Giraldus applies to them literally an old Irish prophecy, which said that the invaders of Ulster should march up to their knees in blood. The fate of Ulster was disputed in many battles, but the desperate valour of John de Courcy overcame all obstacles, and the last independent province of Ireland was placed under English law and Romish church discipline. The chronicles of the time tell us how the barbarous manners of the natives were suddenly improved and polished, by the more vigorous government under which they were placed.*

* All the documents of this period agree in representing Ireland as not only a land of savages, but as a den of thieves. William of Newbury (lib. iii. c. 9).

speaking of the manners of the people of Ulster at the time of their conquest by De Courcy, says, "Hujus autem provinciæ homines præ cunctis Hybernæ populis in celebratione paschali eatenus superstitiosi fuisse traduntur. Nam sicut quodam venerabili episcopo gentis illius referente cognovi, arbitrabantur obsequium se præstare Deo, dum per anni circulum furto et rapina congererent, quod in paschali solemnitate profusissimis tanquam ad honorem resurgentis Domini absumeretur conviviiis, eratque inter eos urgens concertatio, ne forte quis ab alio immoderatissimis ferculorum præparationibus vinceretur. Verum hanc superstitiosissimam consuetudinem cum statu libertatis propriæ debellati finierunt."



Qet en lech oim iour va rest
Or que oué nû en prest .
en tairiam nait la hidoré .
Tere lede et loich agné .
Des or que li riche rest .
femme auent bele a cele seís .
La fille al rei malathim .
Ala mathe estent en din .

ANGLO-NORMAN POEM ON
THE CONQUEST OF
IRELAND.

* * * * *

Par soen demeine latinier
Que moi conta de lui l'estorie,
Dunt faz ici la mémoire.
Morice Regan iert celui,
Buche à buche parla à lui
Ki cest jest endita,
L'estorie de lui me mostra.
Icil Morice iert latinier
Al rei Dermot, ke mult l'out cher.
Ici lirrai del bachelier,
Del rei Dermot vus voil conter.

EN Yrland, à icel jor,
 N'i out reis de tel valor ;
 Asez esteit manans e richez,
 Amale, francs, hailes, chiches.
 Icel par un posté
 Aweit pris e conquesté
 O'Neil e Mithe par sa guerre,
 Ostages menad en Laynestere,
 O sei amenad O'Karuel,
 Le fiz le rei de Yriel.

MÈs en Leschoin i out un reis,
 O'Roric out nun en yrreis ;
 En Tirbrun mist la hiduse,
 Tere lede e boschaguse ;
 Mès O'Roric, li riche reis,
 Femme aweit bele à cele feis,
 La fille al rei Malathlin,
 A ki Mithe esteit enclin.
 Malathlin de Mithe iert sire.
 Ki la vérité vus veut dire,
 Icel esteit de truïn

Del bon veil Malathlin ;
Estreit cil ert de linage
Malathlin al fier corage,
Fiz Coleman, le riche reis,
Ke tant seingnés e curteis.
De Molathlin voil lesser,
Del rei Dermod voil conter.

DE Leynestere reis Dermod,
Ki cel dame tant amout,
De amer li fist bel semblant,
Mès n'el ama tant ne quant
Ne mès qu'il vout à sun poer
La grant hunte, s'il pout, venger
Que cil de Lethcoin firent jadis
A ces de Lechunthe en son païs.
Li reis Dermod sovent manda
A la dame, qu'il tant ama,
Par bref e par messagers,
Sovent fist li rei mander
Ke ele en fin pur veir esteit
La reigne del siècle qu'il plus ameit ;

Si la requist mult sovent
De fin amur covertement ;
E la dame li ad mandé
Par un messenger privé
Que tut freit sa volunté,
Al rei ke tant est preisé
E si remande de richef
E par buche e par bref
Que pur lui venit en tiel manere
Od tut l'ost de Leynestere,
E par force e par guerre
Od lui la ramist tote la terre :
Saver al rei Dermot freit
En quel liu la prendreit
U ele serreit privement,
Que prendre la pust quitement ;
En quel liu en fin serreit
U quite prendre la purreit.

L I reis manda hastivement
Par Leynestere tute sa gent
Que à lui viengent san demure

De Osseri e de Leynestere,
Si lur feiseit à tuz saver
Vers Lethcoin qu'il vout aler
La hunte, s'il pust, venger
Que cil firent jadis premer,
La hunte que cil firent jadis
En Lethunthe, en son païs.

ICil vindrent deliverement
Par le rei commandement.
Quant tuz furent assemblez,
Vers Lethcoin sunt dreit turnez ;
Nuit e jor errent avant
Riche e povre, petit e grant.
Que vus irrai plus contant ?
En Tirbrun vint li reis vaillant ;
E la dame mandé aveit
Al rei Dermot ù ele esteit,
Que il nemist od sa gent,
Si la préist deliverement.
Li reis Dermot maintenant
En la place vint errant

U la dame aveit mandé
Qu'ele serreit apresté.
En cele manere Dermot li reis
La dame prist à cele feis.

O'Roric forment se pleniout
Pur sa femme que perdu out ;
Mès mut rendi bataille fere
A la gent de Laynistere.
Mès, seingnurs, li re Dermot
La dame lores od sei menout,
De errer unques ne finat
De ci ke ni Kencelath,
E la dame mult longement
Iloc estoit, solum la gent ;
A Fernes estoit à sojorn mise,
Solum la gent, en tel guise.

O'Roric, mult dolusant,
Vers Connoth tendi tut batant ;
Al rei de Connoth, tut par cunte,
Forment se pleint de la hunte

Cum li reis de Leynistere
Sur lui vint en tele manere,
Sa femme à force sur lui prise,
A Fernes l'ad à sojorn mise ;
Al rei de Connoth de huntage
Forment se pleint del damage,
Mult li requist ententivement
De la meyné e de sa gent
Que lui feseit aprester
Ki sa hunte pout venger.

LI reis de Connoth fist mander
Al rei de Osseri premer
Que lur rei ne fausit mie
E qu'il lur venist en aïe ;
E cil li ont asez pram'ez
Que reis li frunt en cel païs,
S'il pount en geiter
Li reis Dermot que tant est fer ;
E cil tantost s'en turnout
Sur sun seingnur li reis Dermot ;
E Malathlin li traïtur

Si reguerpi son seignur ;
 E Mac Turkyl de Diveline
 Son seignur guerpi à cel termine ;
 Si consenti la traïsun
 Murchid O'Brien, un mal félun,
 Li quel mangèrent li guar gunn,
 E vus dirat la chançon
 Quant vus tost acomplerum
 En avant en vostre reïsun.

Quant Dermot li reis gentis,
 Que tant esteit de grant pris,
 Vit que lui furent failiz
 Pareins, cosins e amis,
 Un jor monta li reis Dermot
 E de sa gent od sei menout
 E va querant O'Brien li fel :
 A lui parler voleit e conseil.
 O'Brien va dunc li reis fuant.
 A lui ne volt petit ne grant
 Parler ren ne conseiler
 Ne songnur confort doner.

Quant ço vist li reis Dermot
Que al fel parler ne pout,
Li reis s'en est tantost turné
Tut dreit à Fernes la cité.
A Fernes li reis sojournout
En un abeie que iloc out
De Seinte Marie la reine,
Gloriuse dame e virgine.

DUnc li reis se purpensout
De une veidie qu'il fere vout,
Cum il pust le fel trover
E par engin à lui parler.
A l'abé feseit li reis mander,
Une chape lui feseit prester,
Une chape à une chanoine
U à pruvere u à moyne.

A Knoth veit idunc li reis
Od tut la chape cel feis ;
A un son dengin l'ad trové,
Cum il me fud endité.

Le reis la chape afubla
Que as piez lui tréina,
Que nul ne pout aviser
Si pur moine réuler.

Quant venuz iert li paumer
Devant la meison li traïtur ;
Le fel, quant vit le rei errant,
Vers la forest va dunc fuant :
Kar li malveis traïtur
N'el volt conustre à son seingnur.
Li fel va dunc escriant
Od sa voiz haut e grant :
“ Mauveis reis, quei alez querant ?
Fuez-en-vus, par nun comant ;
E, c'il ne fetes hastivement,
Présenter vus frai al vent.”

Quant li reis l'out entendu,
Dolent esteit e irascu.
Li reis esteit en grant tristur
Pur le dit del traïtur

Que manacé si l'aveit
E que al vent lui présenteroit.
Returné est li riche reis,
Que tant fu larges e curteis,
Que turné est li traïtur
Sur lur naturel seignur.
Tute sa gent li sunt faillie
De Leynestere e de Osserie.

QUant se vit Dermot li reis
Que traï esteit à cele feis,
Sa gent demeine lui sunt failliz,
En tel manere iert traïz,
E que voleint prendre,
A O'Roric liverer e vendre,
Si li fist mult grant es iurat
De Connoth li reis d'autre part.
Ke vus irrai purloinguant
De vostre geste tant ne quant ?

LE reis Dermot en unt geté
Sa gent par vive poesté,

Tollet lui unt tut la reingné
E de Yrland li unt chacé.
Quant fut li reis exulé,
A Korkeran eschippé;
Quant li reis esteit waivés,
A Korkeran est eschippés;
A Corkeran en mer entra,
Awelaf O'Kinad od sei mena,
O sei mena li riche reis
E plus de seisante neis.

LE riche reis avait le vent
Bon e bel à sun talent;
Sigles avaint par bel orage,
A Bristod pernent lur rivage.
A la meison Robert Herdin,
A meinies de Seint Austin,
Sojornat li reis Dermod
Od tant gent cum il out.
Solum la dit de la gent,
La réine i fud ensement.

Quant li reis out sojorné,
Tant li vint à gré,
Ses chevalers feseit mander,
Vers Normandie volt errer
Pur parler al rei Henriz
De Engleterre, li poestifz ;
Kar li rei de Engleterre
En Normandie pur sa guere
Esteit seignurs à icel feis
Pur la guere des Franceis.
Tant ad Dermot espleité
Par ces jornés e tant erré
Que en Normandie est arivé,
Solum la gent de antiquité.
Bien est, seignurs, ke jo vus die
Cum Dermod va par Normandie :
Le rei Henri va dunc quere,
A munt, à val, avant, arere ;
Tant ad mandé e enquis
Que trové ad li rei Henris,
A une cité l'ad trové,
Que seignur esteit clamé.

Li reis Dermod, al einz qu'il pout,
Vers la curt pur veir alout ;
Vers la curt, pas pur pas,
S'en est alé tost juanz
Al rei anglès pur parler,
Que tant esteit riches e fier.

Quant Dermod, li reis vaillant,
Al rei Henri par devant
Esteit venuz à cele fiez,
Par devant li rei engleis,
Mult le salue curteisement,
Bien e bel devant la gent :
“ Ieil Deu ke meint en haut,
Reis Henri, vus ward e saut,
E vus donge ensement
Quer e curage e talent
Ma hunte venger e ma peine,
Que fet me hunte le men demeine !
Oiez, gentil reis Henriz,
Dunc su nez, de quel païs.
De Yrlande su sire né,

En Yrlande rei clamé ;
Mès à tort me unt dégeté
Ma gent demeine del régné.
A vus me venc clamer, bel sire,
Véans les baruns de tun empire.
Ti liges home devendrai
Tut jors me que viverai,
Par si que mai seez aidant,
Que ne sei de tut perdant :
Tei clamerai sire e seignur,
Véant baruns e cuntur.”
Dunc li ad le rei pramis
De Engleterre, le poestifs,
Que volunters lui aidereit
Al plus tost qu'il porreit.

LI rei Henri parla premer
Que cil ço mist al repeirer,
Vers Engleterre passat la mer,
A Bristoud alat sojorner.
Le rei Henri fist dunc mander
Par bref e par messenger

A Robert Herding, cum il l'out cher,
Que al rei trovast quant que il eust
mester,

A lui e à tute sa gent,
De tut en tut, à son talent ;
Si lui feist honorablement
Trestut le son commendement.

A Bristoud sojornat li reis,
Ne sai quel, quinzein u un meins.
Quant que le reis volt commander
Lui fist Robert asez aver ;

Mès de Engleterre li reis engleis
A Dermot, solum le leis,
Ne lui fist verreiment
For de pramesse, solum la gent.

Quant se vit li reis Dermot
Que nul aïe aver ne pout
Del rei Henri que pramist l'out,
Sojorner plus ne volt.

Le reis Dermot, sachez, atant
Aïe va partut querant,
Aïe partut quere

En Gales e [en] Engleterre ;
Tant ad aïe demandé
A munt, à val, en cel régné,
Que il est venuz une part,
Ceo dist la geste, al quens Ricard.
Icil esteit un quens valant,
Curteis, larges e despendant.
Le reis mut ententivement
Le requist mut ducement
Que acun socurs lui féist
U que sun cors i venist
De conquere son régné,
Dunt il en est à tort jeté ;
Al cunte dist apertement
Cum traïz esteit de sa gent,
Cum sa gent l'out traïz
E déchacé, en fute mis ;
Sa fille li offri à muller,
La ren del monde qu'il ust plus cher,
Que cele à femme aver lui freit
E Leynestere lui durreit,
Par si que en aie lui seit

Que conquere la purreit.

LI quens al hore iert bacheler,
Femme n'aveit ne mulier,
Si entent del rei Dermot
Que sa fille doner lui volt
Par si que od lui venist
E sa terre lui conquist.
Li quens respont od sa gent :
“ Riche reis, à mei entent.
Ici t'afie lelment
Que à tai vendrai assurément ;
Mès congé vodrai en iceis
Demander del rei engleis,
Kar il est li mien seignur
De ma terrien honor :
Pur ceo ne pus de sa terre
Sens congé prendre en tel manere.”
Li reis al cunte asura
Que sa fille à lui durra
Quant il lui vendreit en aïe
En Yrlande de sa baronie.

Quant fini unt icel pleit,
Li reis vers Gales turnat dreit ;
Unques ne finnat de errer i
De cil qu'il vint à Seint-Davi.

ILœc sojornat li reis,
Ne sai quel, deus jors u treis,
Pur ses nefes apparailler ;
Kar en Yrlande volt passer ;
Mès einz que le rei Dermot
La mere salé passer volt,
En Gales parlat à un reis
Que mult iert vaillans e curteis.
Reis esteit icil nommé,
E de Gales fu reis clamé.
A l'ure aveit li rei Ris
Un chevaler de grant pris.
Li reis li tent en sa prisun,
Robert le fiz Estevene out nun ;
En sa prisun le teneit,
Pur se rendre le voleit.
Ne sai coment le rei l'out pris

E[n] un chastel en son païs.
De li me voil ici retraire
Cum il fu pris ne en quele manere ;
Mès li riche reis Dermot
Li reis Ris al plus [tost] qu'il pout
Requist idunc pur le chevaler
Que il quite s'en pureit partir.
Si mentir ne vus dium,
Ne sai s'il iert délivere nun ;
Par la requeste li riche reis,
S'il iert délivere à cele feiz ;
Mès puis après, li chevaler
En Yrlande vint li reis aider.
Atant s'en turne li reis Dermot
Vers Seint-David tant cum il pout,
En Yrlande dunc passout
Od tant de gent cum il out ;
Mès Dermot, li gentil reis,
Od ses guerreis gent englès
Ne menad à icel tur,
Solum le dist de mun cuntur,
Ne mès un Ricard, cum l'oï dire,

Un chevaler de Penbrocsire,
Le fiz Godoberd Ricard,
Chevaler iert de bone part,
Chevalers, archers e serjanz,
Mès jo ne sai desque à quanz ;
Kar pas ne ierunt longement
En Yrland icele gent ;
Kar enz ne poient profite fere
Al rei guères en la tere
Pur ço que poi erent de gent
Que passèrent hastivement.

LI reis Dermot fist dunc mander
Par bref e par messenger,
Morice Regan fist passer
Son demeine latinier.
Desque à Gales fud cil passé ;
Les brefs le rei Dermot
Que li rei partut mandout.
Cuntes, baruns, chevalers,
Vallez, serjanz lué deners,
Gent à cheval e à pé

Ad li rei par tut mandé :
“ Que tere vodra u deners,
Chevals, harneis u destre[r]s,
Or e argent, lur frai doner
Livereson asez plener.
Que tere u herbe voidra aver,
Richement lus frai feffer.”
Asez lur durra ensemment
Estor e riche feffement.
Quant les brefs esteient luz,
E la gent les unt entenduz,
Dunc ço fist aparailier
Le fiz Estevene Robert premer ;
Desque en Yrlande volt passer
Pur Dermot li reis eider.
Chevalers vaillans de grant pris
Od sei menad ix. u dis.
Le un iert Meiler, le fiz Henriz,
Que tant esteit poetifs ;
E Milis i vint autresi
Le fiz l'évesque de Sein-Davi.
Chevalers vindrent e baruns

Dunt jo ne sai des acez lur nuns.
Si passa un baruns
Sei utime compaignuns ;
Morice de Prendregast out non,
Cum nus recunte le chansun.
Si i passa pur veir Hervi
Icelui de Mumoreci.
Bien i passèrent .iii. cens
Chevalers e autre menu gens,
A la Banne arivèrent
Od tant de gent cum erent.
Quant il furent arivez
E erent tuz issuz de nefz,
Lur gent firent herberger
Sur la rive de la mer ;
La gent engleis firent mander
Al rei Dermot par messenger
Que à la Banne od trei nefz
Esteient lores arivés,
E que li reis hastivement
I venist sanz délaïement.
Li reis Dermod le dreit chemin

Vers la Banne, le matin,
S'en turnat mult léement
Pur ver la englese gent.
Quant venuz esteit li réis
A la Banne à sa fechelis,
Un e un les ad baisez
Curteisement e saluez.
Icele nuit demorèrent
Sur la rive à il erent ;
Mès li reis lendemain
Vers Weiseford trestut à plein
Ala tant tost, sanz mentir,
Pur la vile asaillir ;
La cité asailli à tute sa force.
Les autre pur garir lur cors
Sa défendirent par defors.
X. viij. i perdi de ces Engleis
A icel saut li riche reis,
E les traiters à icel feiz
Ne perdirent de lur que treis.
Trestut jor ajorné
Ad le saut issi duré

Desque i fud aseiri
E la gent sunt départi.
La gent Dermod li aloez
Vers lur tentes se sunt turnés.

MÈs lendemain tut premer
Al rei Dermod par messenger
Firent les traiters nuncier
Que ostages li frunt livrer,
Homages li frunt e feuté,
Véant trestut son baroné ;
Que od lui serrunt nuit e jor
Cum od lur naturel seignur.
Li reis resout bonement
Icele offre, véant la gent.
Pur le conseil de ces Engleis,
L'offre resut li gentil reis.
D'iloec s'en turne li reis Dermod
Vers Fernez, al einz qu'il pout,
Pur ses naffrez saner
E pur ses baruns sojourner.
Treis semeines sojournout

En la cité li reis Dermod,
Treis semeines ad sojorné
Tut dreit ad Fermes la cité.
Li reis feseit pus mander
Robert e Morice tut premer
Que od lui vengent tost parler
Hastivement, son demorer.
Quant le baruns erent venuz,
E Dermod les ad conuz,
En conseil les ad li rei menez,
Si lur ad trestut cuntez
Que de Osserie les Irreis
Mult dotèrent les Engleis :

“ **S** Enurs baruns, ço dist li reis,
Mult vus dutent les Yrreis :
Pur ço, barun chevaler,
Par vus conseil tut premer,
Vers Osserie voil aler
Mes enemis debarater.”
Les baruns li ont responduz
Ki jà nert remansuz,

Ne larrunt en nule manère
Le traïtur ne voient quere
Desque il eint trové
E en plein cham debaraté.
En qu'il ost alast avant,
Treis mil homes combatant
A Dermod vindrent à pès
Pur la dute des Engleis.

Quant les baruns iço virent
Que tant de gent lur syvèrent,
Sur le rei de Osserie
Alèrent al host banie.
Ne le tenez, seignurs, à folie.
Suffrez un poi que jo vus die
Cum li reis de Leynistere
Od sa gent qu'il lout tant fère
Veleit entrer al païs
U erent tuz ses enemis.
Ses enemis sunt devant
Bien cinc mil combatant,
Que li reis de Osserie

Aveit en sa compaignie.
Mac Donthid li traïtur,
Que de Osserie ert seignur,
Aveit jeté par devant
Treis fossés larges e grant ;
Par devant, dedens un pas,
Treis fossés ignel ias
Aveit le fel fet jeter
E haie par desuz lever.
Iloc rendi la bataille
Al rei Dermod le jor, son faille.
Iloc esteit la mellé,
Del matin jesque la vespré,
Del rei fel de Osserie
E des Engleis par grant hatie ;
Mès les Engleis par achef de tur
E par force e par vigur
Les traïters en unt jeté
Par force e par poesté ;
Mès gent i out asez blesez
E de morz e de naufrez
Einz que la haie fud conquise
U à force sur euz prise.

Quant ço vist Dermot li reis
Que par la force des Engleis
Passé esteit en cel manere
Od sa gent de Leynistere,
Mult esteit de grant baudur.
Le riche reis Dermot, le jur,
La tere mist en arson
Pur destruire le félun,
La preie fist par tut quere
A munt, à val par la tere,
Tant cum il trover pout ;
De la prei od sei menout
O'Roruch le rei de altre manere
Pur Mac Donchid le fel quere
Que ne fist à cele fiez
Quant la chape out fublez,
Quant parler volt e conseiller
Al fel O'Brien le adverser.

Quant li gentilz Dermot
En son païs turner volt,
Dunc ad li reis apelez
Le treis baruns alosez

Robert apelat par non
E Morice le barun,
E Hervi de Momorci
Fist apeler autreci.
Ices erent à cele feiz
Cheveintainnes des Angleis.

“ **S**Eingnurs, fet-il, escutez
Pur Deu amur e entendez :
Vos genz fetes ordener,
Kar bien les savez conseiller.”
Les baruns firent aitant
Al rei trestut son comant,
Icil firent hastivement
Tut li rei commendement,
Tut le gent de Kencelath
Baillerint à Dovenald Chevath.
Icil esteit fiz le rei
De Leynistere, si cum jo crei.
Ki voudra le veir saver,
Icil esteit chef premer ;
E le cors Dermot le reis

Esteit remis od les Engleis ;
Kar en eus s'afiout
De tut en tut li rei Dermod.
Armés erent icel, sen faille,
E bien enseigné de bataille ;
E Dovenald Kevath tut premer
Par mi un pas volt passer
U Dermod aveit einz esté
Par treis eirs debareté.
Pur ço dotèrent les Yrreis
Qu'il serreient le quarte feiz
Desconfiz e debaretez :
En fute sunt pur ço turnez
Si que o Dovenald, fiz le rei,
Ne remistrent xl. trei.
Mac Donthid de Osserie
Sa gent vers li tost relie,
Sa gent relie hastivement
Pur desconfire la englese gent.

SEignurs baruns, à cele feiz
Sachez que la gent engleis

Avalez erent dedens un val,
Gent à pé e à cheval :
Si lur covent par estover
Par mi cele val en fin passer.
Pur ço dotèrent les Engleis
La gent yresche à cele feiz
Que els lur curusent sure
San delai, à cel hore ;
Kar les Englès, cum l'entent,
Guères avant de iij. cent
N'erent ad l'ur od le rei,
E des Yrreis .xl trei ;
E les autres vraiment
Erent mil e set scent.
Pur ço ne fet à merveiller
Si li barun chevaler
Dutassent icel gent,
Que léger sunt cum vent.
Lors parlat un barun,
Morice de Prendergast out nun :
“ Segnurs baruns communal,
Délivrement passum icel val

Que nus fuissoins en la montaine,
En dur champe e en la plaine ;
Kar armes eymés le plusurs,
Vassals hardis e combateurs ;
E les traïteres sunt tut nues,
Haubers ne bruines n'unt vestues :
Pur ço, si turnum en dure champ,
Naverunt-il de mort garant.
Férir irrum vassalment,
E checun communalment
Trestuz i ferrunt communal,
Gent à pé e à cheval,
Sur la gent de Osserie
Ke nus furent encontrarie ;
Kar si il sunt debaratés,
A tut dis serrum dutés ;
Kar rien n'i ad de fuir
U ci vivere u murir.”
Ço fu la premer bataille
Que champele fud, san faille,
Entre les baruns engleis
E de Osserie les Yrreis ;

E les Yrreis à grant eleis
Suerent la gent engleis.

MOrice s'escria aitant :
 “ Robert Smiche, venez avant.
 Dirrai-vus que friez, amis :
 Archers averez xl. dis.
 En ceste bruce verraïment
 Lur frez un enbuchement.
 Desque vus serrez passez,
 Les Yrreis que sunt destrez,
 Quant passé serrunt cele gent,
 Si s'essandrent ferement.
 Detrefs lur frez un vaïe,
 E nus vus vendrum en aïe.”
 E Robert respont al barun :
 “ Sire, à la Deu benicon !”
 Atant se sunt abuchez
 Les quarante bien armez.

ESte-vus par grant hatie
 Le orgoil tut de Osserie

Les unt alé parsuant
E la bataille desirrant.
Tant se peinèrent icel gent
Que passé sunt le buschement
U les quarante adurez
En la bruce erent tapez.

QUant passés erent les premiers,
Par aime erent .ij. milers,
E li quarante archer
Ne se osèrent demustrer ;
Pur ço que tant erent poi de gent,
Se tapèrent coiment.

DUnc out Dermot li riche reis
Poür grant de ses Engleis
Que il serreint afolés
E des Yrreis vergundez ;
E li riche rei Dermot
Morice à sei apelout,
Si li requist mult ducement
Qu'il préist cure de cele gent,

Cure en préist de sez amis,
Les ques erent destrefs remis.
Li barun respont aitant :
“ Sire, tut à tun comant.
Volunters les aiderai,
Ma peine tut i metterai.”

MOrice s'en turne à iceste part,
La reine tire de Blanchard ;
E de Osserie les Yrreis
Sivèrent la gent engleis
Tant qu'il vindrent en la plaine,
En la très dure champaine.
Lur gent unt dunques ordiné
Bien e bel asez faité.
Dunc c'este Morice escrié
E sein David ad réclamé.
Le fiz Estevene s'est turné,
E Meiler li alosé,
E Miliz le fiz Davi,
E Hervi de Momorci,
E li barun, chevaler,

Vallet, serjant e bacheler
Sur les Yrreis se turnèrent,
A seint David réclamèrent ;
E les traïturs en juneluns
Atendrement les baruns
Issi en tele manere
Que un hanst de terre
N'esteit pas à cele feiz
Entre Dermod e les Yrreis.
Si cum la prise urent cumpluz
La gent engleis par lur vertuz,
Les Yrreis s'en vont desconfiz
A icel jor de mal en pirz.
Cum l'oï, purreit veir conter.
Un des bons esteit Meiler.
En la bataille, à icel jor,
N'i out de li nul meillur.

QUant ço virent les Yrreis
Que menout Dermod li reis,
Que einz esteint le jor
En boiz fuiz de poür,

Repeiré sunt hastivement
Vers lur seignur icel gent ;
Si se mistrent en l'estur
Par le comant lur seignur.
Ne le devez tener à folur.
Unze vint testes le jor
Vindrint al rei icele nuit
Sur la Barue ù il i out
De ses morteles enemiz
Ki al champ erent occis,
Estre les morz e les naffrez
Qui del champ erent portez.

Quant cis erent desconfiz,
En le champ erent remis.
A Dermot li riche reis
E as chevalers engleis
Lors parlat un barun,
Le fiz Estevene Robert out nun :
“ Entendez-moi, rei vaillant,
Que je lou, par Deu le grant !
Que anuit remanez en ceste place,
Quant Deu vus ad doné la grace

Que avez, sire, vos enemis
Par Deu grace desconfiz.
Tantost cum parra le jor,
Querant irrum le traïtur.
Jà n'i finirai tant avant
Que n'el augum pursuant."

LI reis respont apertement
Que ço n'est mie son talent ;
" Einz irrum vers Lethelin
Bien e bel le dreit chemin,
Si frum porter nos naffrez
Que einz en champ gisent blessez."
Il turnat vers la cité,
Que Lethlin iert clamé ;
Demorirint iloc la nuit
A grant joe e à dédut,
Sur la Barue demorèrent
E cele nuit herbergèrent.

LEndemain li riche reis
S'en turnat od ses ficheis,
Vers Fernes se sunt turnez,

Od eus portent lur naffrez.
Quant il vindrent à la cité,
Chescun s'en est dunc turné.
Vers lur osteus pur herberger
Returnèrent li chevaler,
Mires firent par tut mander
Pur maladis saner,
Pur saner lur naffrez
Mires unt par tut mandez.

SI cum le gentilz reis Dermod
En la cité sojournout,
Environ tu[t] le païs
A li vindrent ses enemis
Pur crier al rei merci,
Que einz l'urent tut trahi ;
E pur la dute qu'il aveint
Des Engleis que od lui esteint,
Ostages asez firent livrer
Al rei Dermod, que tant fu fer ;
E mult bien vindrent à pès
Pur la dute des Engleis.

Tut le plus de Leynistere
A pès vindrent en cel manere.
Mac Donthid ne vint mie,
Que reis esteit de Osserie,
Ne le traïtur Mac Kelan,
Ke reis esteit de Offelan,
Ne Mac Torkil le traïtur,
Que de Diveline iert seignur ;
Kar cil rei tant dutèrent
Que à pès venir n'osèrent ;
Mès li reis hastivement
Partut feseit mander sa gent,
Sur Mac Kelan volt aler
Pur lui honir e vergunder.
Dunc feseit li reis mander
Le treis baruns chevaler
Que à lui vengent tost parler,
Hastivement, sanz demorer.
Robert, Morice e Hervi
Déliverement vindrent à lui.
Le rei lur ad idunc dist
E par buche lur ad descrit

Que il irrat en Ofelan
Sur le traïtur Mac Kelan,
E que eus feseint aparailer
Pur le cors le reis garder.
Cil respondèrent ducement :
“ Sire, à tun commandement.”

QUant cil furent aprestez
E lur gent unt ordinez,
E le cors le rei Dermot
Des Engleis partir ne vout,
Dovenald Kevenath serrement
Guiot la premer gent.
Tant se sunt icil penez
Que en Ofelan sunt entrez,
La tere unt tote robbé
E Mac Kelan debareté,
La prei unt trestut prise,
La gent vencus e maumise.

AFernez sunt pus turnez
Par orgoil e par poestez.

Vers Fernes turnat li rei
Od grant orgoil, od grant noblei.
A Fernes alad sojorner
Le noble rei .viij jors enter,
E les baruns vassals engleis
Tut dis erent od le reis.

QUANT la utime esteit passé,
Dunc ad li rei mandé
Sachent par tut Okencelath
Errer volt vers Glindelath,
Othothil vodra robber
Que à lui deignout venir parler.
Quant l'ost esteit assemblé,
Vers Glindelath sunt erré;
E li reis ad commandé
Baruns, chevalers e meiné
Que tuz seient aprestez
E de bataille aparaillez.
Icil escrient aitant:
“Gentils reis, errez avant.
Vengez-vus, reis poestifz,

De voz mortels enemis.
Reis gentilz, avant errez,
Asez bien vus vengerez ;
Kar jamès ne vus fauderum
Pur tant cum nus viverum.”

ORe erre reis Dermod
Vers Glindelath tant i pout.
Quant li reis iert venuz
Od ses amis e od ses druz,
La prei dunc feseit robber ;
San cop prendre u doner,
Mis ço est al repeirer,
Sein e sauf, sanz encumbrer ;
E les Engleis ensement
Repeiré sunt tut savement.
Le rei s'en est repeiré
Od sa gent assez heité.
A Fernez vindrent les baruns
Od tretust lur compaignuns.

AFernes sojornat li reis,
Tant cum li plut, à cele feiz ;

Sa gent feseit par tut mander
Que à Fernes viengent à li parler :
Riches, povres ensement,
Que tuz viengent comunément.
De Weiseford vindrent la gent
Par le rei commandement.
A Fernes fu l'ost assemblé,
De armis garniz e apresté.
Lors fist li reis mander
Robert e Morice tut premer,
Hervi e li bier Meiler
E tut li autre chevaler.
Le reis lur prist à conseiller :
“ Oés, seignurs chevaler,
Pur quei vus fiz ici mander.
Vers Osserie voil aler
Pur confondre le félun
Que jà me fist grant traïsun
Pur le fel traître ma tere garder
Que jà ne volt sur reïgner.
Si me puisse de lui venger,
En moi n'aurai que doler.”
Atant li dient li barun :

“ Sire, à Deu benecon !”

L Ors fist li reis hucher
Dovenald Khevath tut premer
Que il se mist al chief devant
Od cinc mil homes combatant,
E pus après erraument
De Weyseford icel gent ;
E le cors li riche reis
Esteit remis od ces Engleis.
Par mi la tere en tele manere
Errout li reis de Leynistere,
En Fotherd esteit venuz,
Sur un ewe descenduz.
La nuit pristrent lur ostal
Sur Mac Burtin à munt, à val.
La gent, sachez, de Weyseford
Le reis haïrent à tort.
Pur lur demeine traïsun
Que jadis firent al barun,
Dutèrent le traïtur
Le gentilz reis nuit e jor :

Pur ço par euz se logèrent,
Nuit e jor le reis dutèrent.
En tele manère li reis gentilz,
Que tant iert pruz e hardiz,
Just sur l'ewe de Mac Burtin
E tut son ost i out en fin.

UN enfantesme la nuit lur vint,
Que chescun à vers le tint.

Un ost grant e mervellus
Par mi les loges à esturz
Lur vint sur, bien armez
De aubercs e d'escuz bendez.
Cil de loges saillent fors
Pur defendre idunc lur cors.
Del ost engleis un chevaler,
Baudolf fiz Rouf l'oï nomer ;
La nuit, pur li chef gueiter,
Esteit defors Randolf le bier.
Mult se prist li chevaler
De cel ost à merveiller,
Quidout qu'il fussent traïz

Par lur morteus enemis.

I Cil s'escriat haut e cler :
“ Sein Davi ! barun chevaler ! ”
Pus ad treit le brant d'acier ;
Un son compaignun premer
Par cop sur le capeler,
Par vertu le fist agenuler ;
Kar bien quidout certainement
Que cil fust del autre gent.
Bien quidèrent les plusurs
Que icil erent les traïtors
De Weyseford la cité
Que cest erent longgé.
Icel enfanteyme s'en parti,
Aitant cum jo vus di,
Passèrent par le Langport
A la gent de Weiseford. ●
Icil quidèrent estre pris
Par Dermot li reis gentilz ;
Mès lendemain hastivement
Ordiner firent lur gent

Par le riche [rei] command,
Cum il erent le jor devant.
Sur le rei de Osserie
Alad li reis par grant envie.
Mac Donthid coiemment
Mander fist tote sa gent
Ki al pas de Hachedur
Viengent sanz contreditur ;
Un fossé fist jeter aitant
Haut e large, roist e grant
Pus par à fin ficher
E par devant ben herdeler,
Pur défendre le passage
Al rei Dermot al fer corage.

LE reis erre nuit e jor
Que ameimes vint de Athethur.
Sur un ewe de grant reddur
Se herberegèrent li pongneur,
E les Engleis de grant valor
Se herbergèrent tut entur,
Le ewe unt lendemain passé

Sanz bataille e sanz mellé,
Lendemain passent son faille
Sanz mellé e sanz bataille.

DE Weyseforde icele gent
Le asaut firent premerement,
La haie pristrent asailler.
Treis jors enters, san mentir,
Les traïteres aques feintement
Asaillèrent icele gent.
La haie ne pout estre prise
Par lur asaut à nule guise
Desque la engleise gent,
Le tiers jor, cum l'entent,
La haie sur euz unt conquise
E cele gent en fuite mise.
Fui s'en est desque à Tiberath
Par mi la tere de Wenenath ;
E d'eloc desque à Bertun
S'enfui le rei félun ;
Mès Dermod, li rei puissant,
Le traïtre vet tant suant,

Tant ad sui le traïtur
Que mis l'ad en tel errur
Qu'il défendre ne se pout
Encontre le rei Dermod ;
E Dermod li rei preisé
La tere al félon ad gasté,
Preie grant od sei mené
Desque à Fernes la cité.

Dermod, li rei poestifs,
Aquité aveit son païs,
Les plusurs de ses enemis
Debaratés e déconfiz,
Par les Engleis esteit monté
En grant orgoil, en grant ferté ;
Mès par le conseil de sa gent
Retenir volt, cum l'entent,
Les soudeis Morice le barun,
Solum la geste que lisum.

ICil s'en parti del rei Dermod,
Bien ot deus cent od sei menout,

Des Engleis veraiment
Mena Morice bien deus cent ;
Vers Weyseford s'en turnout,
La mer vers Gales passer volt.
Lors fist li reis mander
A Weyseford par messenger,
Morice feseit desturber
Tut li mestre notinier
Que il ne pout la mer passer
Ne à sun païs repeirer.

Quant sout Morice la novele,
Mult esteit en aruele ;
Poür out à icel hure
Que li corusent sure
Les traïtres de Weyseford
Par conseil li reis, à tort ;
Mès Morice hastivement
Tant parlad à cele gent
De Weyseford la cité
Que sur le rei sunt turné.
Morice ne se targa mie

Al rei manda de Osserie
Que à lui vendreit, san mentir,
Si lui plust, pur lui servir ;
Kar par mal esteit parti
Del rei Dermod qu'il out servi.
Quant Mac Donethid entendi
Que Morice vendreit à lui,
De la novele esteit heistez
E de joie saili à pés ;
Al barun manda erraument
Que à lui venist assurément,
Liveresun li freit doner
Asez richiez e plener.
Atant s'an ala le barun
Lui e tut si compainun,
Vers la vile de Chatmelin
Tindrent le dreit chemin ;
Mès le fiz al rei Dermod,
Dovenald Kevanth, al plus qu'il pout,
Le jor asaili le barun,
Bien ad cinc cent compaignun.
Mult aveient de restur

La gent Morice à icel jor ;
Mès à force e à vertuz
A Thamelin eurent venuz.
Treis jors ad dunc sojorné
Morice iloc od sa meiné.
Le rei de Osserie sovent
Message tramist à cele gent
Que il vendreit le tiers jor
San nul autre contreditur.
Le reis i vint vraiment
Le ters jor sanz délaement.
Là vint le rei de Osserie
Mac Donthith od sa compagnie,
E li reis trestut errant
A Morice fescit beu semblant.
Morice e tute sa gent
Le rei saluent ducement.
Le reis e sa haute gent
As Angleis firent serment,
As Engleis jurèrent en fin
Sur l'auter e sur l'escrin
Que jà traïsun ne lur frunt

Tant euz od lui serrunt.

MAc Donethith ad dunc mené
Morice e tute sa meiné,
Mena li reis en Osserie
Morice e sa compaignie,
E Robert remist od Dermod
Od tant de gent cum il out,
E Hervi tut ensement
Od sa force e od sa gent.

MAc Donehid jor e nuit
La tere Dermod destruit,
Par Morice e par sa meiné
La tere al rei ad dunc gasté.
Iloc refut le barun,
De Morice Osseriath le nun :
Si l'apelouent tut dís
Les Yrreis de cel país,
Que en Osserie esteint venuz
E od le rei remansrus.

DE Morice voil ici arester,
De un barun voil cunter,
Le fiz Gerout: Moriz out nun.
Arivé esteit li barun,
A Weyseford iert arivé
Od gent bele e grant meiné,
Pur aider al rei Dermod
Arivez esteit à Weyseford.

DUnc ad li barun mandé
Al reis qu'il iert arivé.
Dermod entendi la novele,
Peçà ne lui vint tant bele.
Le reis, à ceit d'esperun,
Pur encuntrer le barun
S'en est turné tut dreit al port
Vers la rive de Weyseford.
Quant li riche reis li vit,
Hastivement li ad dit:
" Bien seez venuz, barun,
Le fiz Gerout, Moriz par nun."
Icil respont aïtant:

“ Deus te beneie, reis vaillant !”
Vers Fernes s'en vont léement
Li reis e Morice ensement.

MÈs de Osserie en fin li reis
A l'ure esteit alé en Leis
Sur le seignur de cele tere
Que il ne lui feseit guere.
O'Murthith out nun le seingnur
Que Leis teneit à icel jor.
Mac Donehith od ses Engleis
Destruire vòlt tute Leis,
Quant O'Murthe le seignur
E Mac Donehild ascit jor
Jor li ad iloc asis,
Ostages durreit de son païs ;
Ne mès que quatre jors u treis
Demurrat iloques le reis ;
Ostages durreit cinc u cis
De sa tere le plus gentilz.
Li reis li ad iço granté,
Treis jors i ad sojorné.

O'Murthe manda hastivement
Al rei Dermot que cele gent
Par lur force e par lur guerre
Erent entrez en sa terre,
E que il i venist délivrement
Pur li succure hastivement.

DE Leynistere rei Dermot
A Robert e à fiz Gerout
Quancque O'Murthe out mandé
As dous baruns ad tut cunté,
E cil al rei dunc unt dist :
“ Hastivement, sen nul respit,
Voz genz faites apariler.
N'i ad, sire, que targer.”
Li reis feseit en haut crier
Quancque armes porrount porter
Li suent tut errant.
Le reis munte aïtant.
Le treis baruns ensement
Le rei suèrent od lur gent,
Ne finèrent de ci que à Leis,

U de Osserie esteit li reis ;
E li reis de Osserie
E[n] un[e] lande jout florie,
Tant cum le rei Dermot
Vers li vint e li fiz Gerout ;
Mès il ne sout verriement
Que vers lui venissent gent.
Si cum li reis Mac Donehit
E Moriz Ossriath
Jurent sur un lande,
Ke mut esteit bel e grande,
Si purpensout un matin
Morice de Prendergast en fin
Ke O'Morthe, li sire de Leys,
Traïr volt Donehit le reis,
Si force en nule manere
Aver pout de Leynistere.

A Itant este-vus un espie
Desque al rei de Osserie,
Si li dist que reis Dermot
Od tote la force qu'il pout

Le fiz Estevene od sei menout
 E Morice le fiz Gerout,
 E bien desque à treis cent Engleis
 Od lui erent venuz en Leys,
 Estre tut li autre gent
 Que sunt venuz de feffement.
 Dunc commençat à parler
 Morice de Prendergast premer :
 “ Alum-nus, sire reis :
 Trop nus suient gent engleis,
 E nus n'avum que poi de gent :
 Pur ço alum tut serrément.
 Si il nus aprucent tant ne quant,
 Bien nus irrum défendant.”

A Tant s'en turnat li reis
 De la tere O'Morthe de Leys
 Par le conseil son ami
 Morice, dunt avez oï.

LE rei Dermot hastivement,
 A qui Leynistere apent,

Robert e Morice ensement
Tant suièrent icel gent ;
Mès euz n'el atEinstrent pas,
Kar passé erent le pas
Mac Donehid de Osserie
E Morice en ki il s'afie ;
E Dermod, li rei puissant,
Vers Fernes alat tut batant,
Vers Fernes s'en est repeiré,
Ostages od sei ad mené,
Ostages menout à cele feiz
De O'Morthes sire de Leys.

MAc Donehid od sa compaignie
Repeiré est en Osserie,
Aïtant s'en sunt partis
Sein e saufs en lur païs ;
E la gent de Osserie
Mult aveint grant envie
Que il deveint souderer
E as Engleis lur sous doner.
Li fel vunt dunt conseillant,

Un arère, autre avant ;
Morice volent traier
E son trézor entre euz partir,
Pur lur or e pur lur argent
Morthrir voleint icel gent,
Si aveint purparlé
La traïsun tut à célé.

DEvant le rei sunt dunc venuz
Juvenes, vels e cafs, veluz :
“ Entendez-nuz, rei, bel sire,
Morice volum en fin occire :
Asez avum bone pès,
De euz n’an avum ke fere mès.”
E li reis ad respondu :
“ Ne place Deu ne sa vertuz
Que jà par mei scient traïz,
Mordrir, mors, hunis ne pris !”

AL reis est venu li barun,
Ki rien ne sout del traïson ;
Dunt pur veir ad demandé

Del rei bonement congié,
Repeirir put en son païs.
Le rei, sacez, mut envis
Congié donat al chevaler
En son païs de returner ;
Mès li reis mult li requist
Que od lui uncore remansist.
Morange respondi al reis :
“ Passer volent les Engleis,
La haute mer volent passer
Pur lur amis visiter.”
Aitant s'en est li reis parti,
Solum la geste que oiez ici ;
A Fertekerath ala, se qui,
E les Engleis à Kilkenni
Remistrent icele nuit
Od grant joie e od grant brut,
E tut li traïtre félun
De cele tere environ
Les pas alèrent plessier
Par une il deveint passer ;
Mès si cum Deu le voleit

Que Morice garnis esteit
De la grant félunie
Que ceuz firent de Osserie,
Mander feseit li barun
A sei trestut si compaingnun.

QUant il erent assemblez,
E Morice lur ad cuntez
Cum la gent de Osserie
Par lur grant trecherie
Un agueite lur unt basti
Od deu mil homes bien garni,
Cum les Yrreis lur sunt devant
Od deu mil homes combatant
“ En un place pur desturber
Que nus ne poum par là passe[r],
Conseil demande, seignur baruns,
De ceste afere cument le frums.”
Icil responderunt tuz :
“ Le conseil seit sur vus.”
A lur ostels sunt turnez
U einz erent herbergez,

Asez se tindrint coïment
Cum de ço ne susent nient ;
E Morice Ossriath
Al sénéchal Mac Donehid,
Al sénescal fist dunc mander
Ki demi an u quarter
Od le rei voleit remaner.
Cum il erent avant premer,
Hastivement mandat li reis
Que parler venist as Engleis.
Quant despandu e depoplé
La novele iert al contré
Que Morice esteit remis
Od le rei de cel païs,
Les traïtres sunt repeirez
Del pas ù erent abuchez.

LA nuit, quant erent endormis,
Ad Morice idunc tramis
Par un privé valettun
Que tuz montassent le barun,
Archer, valet e serjant

E li petit e li grant ;
Iceus que voleient passer
Se feisent tost aparailer.
Icil sege firent aprester,
Ne voleient plus demorer,
Vers la mer ço sunt turnez
Pur passer en lur contrez.
A Waterford la cité,
Cum les menat destiné,
Sunt venuz li chevaler
Seinz e saufs e tut enter.
Là sojornèrent li baruns
Od trestut lur compaignuns ;
Mès eloc erent desturbez
Par un home ki ert naffrez,
Ke un soudener à p^ç,
Un sithezein aveit naffré,
Ki de la plaie pus murit.
Ne le tindrent pas en déduit
Le cithezeins de la cité
De Waterford, cum ai cunté.
Iloc furent atachez

Tut li barun alosez ;
Mès par le conseil li bier
Morice, ki ert lur enparler,
E par sen e par saver
Les fist Morice tut passer.
En Galeis furent tuz arivez
Seinz e saufs, joius e lez.
De cele gent ici lerrum,
Del rei Dermod vus conterum.

Conter voil del rei Dermod,
Cum il bailla Weyseford
A un barun chevaler
Le fiz Estevene, Robert le bier ;
E Morice le fiz Gerout
A Karret pus se affermout
Par le rei otrei e par le grant
Dermod le rei poant ;
Pus après hastivement
Li quens Richard od sa gent
En Yrlande aveit tramis
Od ses baruns ix. u. x.

Le premer esteit Reymond le Gros,
Un chevaler hardi e oz.
A Domdonuil arivèrent
U chastel pus i fermèrent
Par le otrei li riche reis
Dermod, que tant esteit curteis.
Iloec remist le Gros Reymund
E li chevaler e li barun.
La tere feseit dunc Robert,
Les vaches prendre e tuer ;
Mès de Waterford la gent
E de Osserie ensement
Lur ost firent assembler,
Vers Dondonuil voleint aler
Pur le chastel asailir,
Les Engleis quident bien honir.
Del Deys Dovenald Osfelan,
E de Odrono Orian,
E tuz les Yrreis de la cuntré
Le chastel unt aviruné.
Par aime erent les Yrreis
Desque à quatre mil u treis,

Reymund e la sue gent
N'erent mie avant de cent.
Les vaches mistrent à chastel
Par Reymund e sun conseil.
De Waterford icel gent
Vindrent tut ferement
Pur le chastel agravanter,
Les Engleis quident vergunder.

REymund parole à sa gent :
“ Seignurs baruns, à moi entent.
Voz enemis veez venir
Ki vus volerunt asailir.
Meuz vus vaut à honor cis
Que ceinz estre mors u pris.
Ore vus fetes tuz armer,
Chevaler, serjant e archer ;
Si nus mettrum en plein champ,
Al non del Père tut poant.”
Li chevaler e li barun,
Par le conseil li Gros Reymund,
Des portes voleient issir

Pur les Yrreis envair.
Les vaches erent affreez
De la gent que erent armez ;
E pur la noise que il funt,
Les vaches tutes à un frunt
E à force e à vertuz
A la porte sunt issuz.
Ço fu la premiere conrei
Que del chastel issi, le crei.
As Yrreis sunt curru surre
En bref terme, en poi d'ure.
Les Yrreis n'el porreint souffrir,
A force lur covint partir ;
E Reymund od ses Engleis
Se mist entre les Yrreis.
Pur ço furent départiz,
Les Yrreis erent déconfiz,
Si ke le derein conré
S'en fuerent par cel effré.
Iloec esteint desconfiz
Les Yrreis tuz de cel país.
Al camp erent mil remis,

Vencus, mors, naffrez e pris
Par force e par vertu
Que lur fist le bon Jhésu ;
E de dute e de poiir
Cen afailiz erent le jor.
Des Yrreis esteint pris
Bien desque à seisant dis ;
Mès li barun chevaler
Iceuz firent décoler ;
A un baesse firent bailler
Une hache tempre de ascer,
Que tuz les ad décolés
E pus les cors aphaleisés,
Pur ço que aveit le jor
Son ami perdu en l'estur ;
Aliz out non de Berveni,
Que les Yrreis servist isi.
Pur les Yrreis vergunder
Unt ço fet li chevaler ;
E les Yrreis de la tere
Desconfiz sunt en tele manere,
Returné sunt en lur païs

Debaratez e desconfiz,
 En lur païs sunt returnez
 Desconfiz e debaratez.

A Dundounil remist Reymun
 Lui e tut sa compaignun,
 E Hervi de Mumoreci
 E Walter Bluet altresì;
 Mult se contindrent bien privément
 Contre cel yresche gent.

Solum le dit as ansciens,
 Bien tost après, Richard li quens
 A Waterford ariva;
 Bien quinz cent od sei mena.
 La vile Seint Bartholomé,
 Esteit li quens arivé.
 Regenald e Smorch erent clamé
 Les plus poanz de la cité.
 Le jor Seint Bartholomé,
 Li quens Richerand al cors sené
 Watreford la cité

A force pris e conquete ;
Mès mult i out occiz einz
De Waterford les citheinz
Einz que ele fud conquise
U à force sur euz prise.

Quant prise aveit la cité
Li quens par sa poesté,
Li quens tantost fist mander
Al rei Dermot par messenger
Que à Watreford ert arivé
E conquise aveit la cité,
Que à lui venist li riche reis,
Si amenast ses Engleis.
Li reis Dermot hastivement
I vint, sachez, mult noblement.
Li reis en sa compaignie
Asez i mena barunie,
E sa fille i mena,
Al gentil cunte la dona.
Li quens honorablement
La espusa, véant la gent.

Li reis Dermot ad dunc doné
Al cunte, ki ert tant preisé,
Leynistere lui dona
Od la fille, que tant ama,
Ne mès qu'il ust la seignurie
De Leynistere tute sa vie ;
E li quens ad tute granté
Al riche rei sa volenté ;
Pus sunt turné une part
Li reis e li quens Richard.
Si alad Reymu[n]d le Gros,
Un chevaler hardi e oz,
E Morice tute ensement
De Prendergast, cum l'entent ;
Kar od le cunte vraiment
Repeiré fud, solum la gent.
Par le conseil le cuntur,
Repeirés iert li pugnécür.
A cel conseil de fi
Esteit Meiler le fiz Henri
E meint barun chevaler
Dunt ne sai les nuns numer.

Ilœc pristrent à conseiller
Tut li barun chevaler
Que à Develin tut dreit irrunt
E la cité sauderunt.
Atant s'en parti li reis
Vers Fernes od ses Engleis,
Somundre feseit sa gent
Par tut e forciblement.
Quant tuz furent assemblez,
Vers Waterford sunt dreit turnez.
Li quens Richard ad dunc baillé
Sa gent en warde la cité,
En Waterforde ad dunc lessé
Une partie de sa meyné.
Vers Diveline sunt dunc turné
Li reis e li quens preisé.

MÈs tut le orguil de Yrlande
A Clondolcan en une lande,
E de Connoth esteit li reis
A Clondolcan icele feiz ;
Par les Engleis asailer,

Ses cunreis feseit partir ;
Les pas firent partut plessier
Pur les Engleis desturber,
Que euz ne venissent veraiment
A Diviline sanz corocement ;
E le rei Dermot esteit garniz
Par espie qu'il out tramis
Que les Yrreis sunt devant
Bien trent mil combatant.
Le rei Dermot fist demander
Le cunte, que venist à lui parler.
Li quens hastivement
Al rei vint délivrement.

“ **S**Ire quens, ço dist li reis,
Entendez à moi à ceste feiz :
Voz gens fetes ordiner
E vos serjanz renger.
En cest irrum la montaine,
En champ dure, en la plaine ;
Kar les boys sunt plessés
E les chemins fossaés,

E tuz nos enemis de Yrlande
Noz sunt devant en une lande.”

LI quens feseit dunc mander
Tut li barun chevaler.
Milis vient tut premer,
Un noble barun guerrer :
Miles out nun de Cogan,
Qui le cors out fer e plain.
Icel esteit al chief devant
Od set cent Engleis combatant ;
E Dovenald Kevath ensement
Esteit remis od cele gent,
E pus après le Gros Reymun
Bien od .viij. cent compaingnun,
Al tiers cunrei li riche reis
Bien desque à mil Yrreis ;
E Richard, li quens curteys,
Od sei s'out .iij. mil Engleis.
Bien erent en cel conrei
Vassals quatre mil, co crei.
L'are-warde feseit li reis

Ordiner des Yrreis.

Bien esteint trestut armez
Les baruns Engleis alosez.

Par la montaine fist li reis

Le jor guier l'ost engleis ;

Sanz bataille e sanz mellé

Sunt venuz à la cité ;

Mès la cité esteit le jor

Prise sanz contreditur.

Le jor l'apostle seint Mathé,

Arst Diviline la cité.

Quant ço virent les Yrreis
Ke venuz iert Dermot li reis

E le cunte ensement

Od tute ses englesche gent,

Là unt iurenez

Les baruns vassals alosez.

De Connoth s'en turnat li reis,

Sanz plus dire, à cele feiz ;

E les Yrreis de cel païs

En lur cuntré sunt partiz.

Mac Turkil Esculf le tricheur
En la cité remist le jor
Pur défendre la cité
De quel il ert clamé
Sire, seignur e avué
Par trestut la cuntré.
Dehors les murs de la cité
Se est li reis herbergé ;
E Richard li bon cuntur,
Ki des Engleis esteit seingnur,
Esteit remis od ses Engleis
E od le cors Dermod li reis.
Le plus prochein de la cité
Esteit Milis herbergé,
Li bon Milun de Cogan
Ke pus sire de Knoe Brandan :
Ço est trestut le plus foren
Ke seit à sècle, montaine u plein ;
E Dermod, li reis gentilz,
Morce Regan ad tramis
E par Morice ad nuncié
A cithiceinz de la cité

Que san délai, san nul respit,
S'en rendissent san contredit ;
San nul altre contreditur,
Se rendissent à lur seigneur.
Ostages trente ad demandé
Li reis Dermot de la cité ;
Mès cil dedenz, san mentir,
Ne savient entre euz partir
Les ostages de la cité,
Le quels serreient al rei livré.
Hesculf ad dunc remandé
A Dermot le rei preisé
Que lendemain hastivement
Freit tut son commandement.

MUlt enuet al barun,
Icil de Cogan, li bon Milun,
Ki tant remist le parlement
Entre le rei e tute sa gent.
Miles escria tut premer :
“ Barun, Cogan, chevaler ! ”
Senz le rei commandement

E senz le cunte ensement,
Asaili ad la cité.
Li ber Miles od sa meyné
Par orgoil e par hatie
La cité unt dunc envaïe.
Li ber Miles le losé
A force ad prise la cité.
Devant qu'il sust Dermod le jor
U Richard le bon cuntur,
Esteit Miles li bier menbré
En Diviline en fin entré ;
La cité aveit jà conquise
E Mac Turkil en fute mise ;
E la gent de Develin
Fui s'en sunt par marine ;
Mès asez i out remis
Ke en la cité erent occis.
Asez conquist los le jor
Miles, qui ert de tel valor ;
E les baruns alosez
Asez trovèrent richetez,
Asez trovèrent en la cité

Trésor e autre richeté.
Venuz se sunt aïtant
Li reis e li quens brochant,
A la cité sunt venu
Li reis e li quens andu ;
E Miles li barun preisé
Al cunte rendi la cité,
La cité ad Milis rendu,
E li quens ad dunc recéu ;
Asez trovèrent garisun
E ben vitaile à grant fuisun.
Li quens ad dunc sojorné,
Tant cum il plout, en la cité ;
E li reis est repeiré
Vers Fernes en sa cuntré ;
Mès à la feste Seint Remi,
Quant aüst esteit départi,
Tost après le Seint Michel,
Richard li quens natural
A Miles ad, sachez, liveré
En garde pur veir la cité.
Vers Waterford s'en est turné

Li quens od sa grant meyné.
Li quens i ad sojorné
Tant cum li vint à gré.
A Fernes pus demorout
En cel yver li rei Dermod.
Li reis, qui tant esteit gentils,
A Fernes gist enseveliz.

*Si est mort le rei Dermot. Propitius sit
Deus anime [ejus]!*

TUz les Yrreis de la cuntré
Sur le cunte sunt turné.
Des Yrreis à cele feiz
Od lui ne sunt remis que treis :
Dovenald Kevath tut premer,
Ki ert frère à sa muiller ;
De Tirbrun Macheli,
Le tiers Awalap O'Carui,
E les Yrreis de Okenselath
Ki erent reis Murierdath.
Icil moveient pus grant guere

Sur le cunte de Leynistere ;
E de Connoth, li riche reis,
De tut Yrlande les Yrreis
A lui les ad fet mander
Pur Dyvelin aseger.
Icil vindrent à un jor
Que mis lur aveit lur seignur.
Quant il erent assemblez,
Seissant mil erent armez.
A Chastel-Knoc, à cele feiz,
De Connoth i out li riche reis ;
E Mac Dunleve de Huluestere
A Clontarf ficha sa banere,
E O'Brien de Monestere
A Kylmainan od sa gent fere ;
E Murierdath, cum l'entent,
Vers Dalkei fu od sa gent.

LI quens al hure en la cité
Esteit, sachez, de vérité.
Le fiz Estevene de sa gent
Al cunte tramist erraument,

Pur lui aider e succure
Lui tramist gent à cel ure.

Quant Robert tramis
De sa gent ben trente sis
Pur eider le cunte Richard
Que tant esteit der regard,
A Robert sunt curu sure
Les traïtres tut sen demure ;
En la vile de Weyseford
Sa gent unt occis à tort,
Sa gent unt trestut traïz,
Morz, detrenchez e honiz.
Dedenz un chastel sur Slani,
Solum la geste qui'l cunte ici,
Unt Robert les traïtres pris,
A Becherin en prisun mis ;
Chevalers unt cinc enfin
Enprisunés en Becherin ;
E Dovenald i vint O'Kevath
E les Yrreis de Okenselath,
Venuz esteit à Dyveline

Al gentils cunte cel termine.
Od lui vint O'Rageli
E Awelaph autreci ;
Al quens unt tretut cunté
Cum Robert fu enprisuné
E cum sa gent erent occis,
Desconfiz, mors e traiz.
Le cunt respont aïtant :
“ Dovenald, ne fetes jà semblant,
Ne fetes jà semblant, amis,
Ke les nos seint honis.”

LI quens feseit dunc mander
Tut li barun conseiller,
Que à lui viengent tost parler
Hastivement, san demorer.
Robert i vint de Quenci,
De Ridelisford i vint Water,
Barun noble guerrer ;
Morice i vint ensement
De Prendergast, cum l'entent ;
E si i vint li bon Milun,

Suz ciel n'i out meillur barun ;
E Meiller le fiz Henri,
E Milis le fiz Davi,
E Richard i vint de Marreis,
Chevaler nobles & curteis ;
E Water Bluet i vint.
Chevalers baruns desque à xx
Venuz sunt à lur seignur,
Tut li barun de grant valor.
Quant les baruns alosez
Al conseil erent assemblez,
Conseil ad li quens requis
De tuz ces charnals amis :

“ **S**Eignurs, ço dist li quens vaillans,
Deu del cel nus seit guarrans !
Veez, seignurs, voz enemis
Que ore vus unt ceinz asis ;
Si n'avum guer[e]s de manger
Avant de quinzeine enter
(Kar la mesure de forment
Vendeit-l'um un marc de argent,

E de orge la mesure
 Demi marc prist-l'em à cel ure) :
 Pur ço, seignurs chevaler,
 Al rei fesum nuncier.”
 Dunc li quens alosé
 Al rei ad nuncié
 Que sis home devendra,
 Leynistere de lui tendra.

“ **O** Re, seignurs naturels,
 Al rei de Connoth dous vassals
 Par voz conseilz transmetrum
 E le arcevesque enverrum
 Que féuté lui vodra fere :
 De lui tendrai Leynistere.”
 Un arcevesque unt anvée,
 Que seint Laurence pus ert clamé.
 Le arcevesque unt dunt tramis
 E de Prendre[gast] od lui Moriz ;
 Al rei unt dunc nuncié
 Quant le conte out mandé.

LI reis lur ad aïtant dist,
Sanz terme prendre u respit ;
Respondu ad al messenger
Que cele ne freit à nul fere ;
Ne mès sulement Waterford,
Dyvelyne e Weyseford
Tant lirreit al cunte Richard
De tut Yrrlande à sa part ;
Plus ne durreit i mie
Al cunte ne à sa compainie.
Li messagers sunt turné
Vers Dyvelin la cité ;
Repeiré sunt li messenger
Hastivement, san demorer ;
En haut dient lur message,
Oiant trestut li barnage ;
Al cunte unt dist à estrus
Que mande li rei orguluz :
Ne li volt plus doner tere
En trestut Leynistere,
Fur sulement les treis citez
Les quels vus ai devant nomez ;

E si ço ne li vent à gré,
Si asaudrunt la cité ;
Si cel osfre ne voleit prendre,
Plus ne volt le reis entendre ;
Kar lendemain, ço dist li reis,
Asaili serrunt les Engleis.

Quant le cunte out escuté
Que l'arcevesque ad cunté,
Dunt feseit li quens hucher
Milis de Cogan al cors léger :
“ Fetes, baruns, tant de gent armer,
Devant isterés al chief premer ;
Al nun del Père tut poant,
Isterez al premer chief devant.”
Quarante chevalers ben sunt
Od Milis devant al frunt,
Seisante archers e sent serjanz
Out Milis à sez comanz.
Après, le Gros Reymun
Od quarante compaignun,
E si out cent pugners

E cinquante e dis archers ;
E pus après, le bon cuntur
Od quarante pugnêur,
Od cent serjant aduriz
E des archerz cinquante dis.
Mult esteint ben armez
Chevalers, serjanz e souder.
Quant li quens estut issuz
Od ces amis e ces druz,
Miles ço mist à chef devant
Od deus cenz vassals combatant ;
E pus après, le Gros Reymun
Ben od deus cent compainun.
A terce conrei, li quens gentils
Od deus cent vassals aduris,
Dovenald Kevennath veraiment,
Awelaph O'Carui ensement,
E de Tirbrun O'Rageli
Dunt avez avant oï.
Devant esteint o Milun,
Cum nus recunte la chansun ;
Mès les Yrreis de la tere

Ne surent ren de cel afere,
 Des baruns si armez
 E de la bataille aparaillez.

MIlis de Cogan tost ynaus
 Le dreit chemin ver[s] Finglas
 Ver lur cencens aïtant
 S'en est turné tut batant.
 Quant Miles esteit aprochez
 U les Yrreis erent logés,
 Cogan escria od sa voiz :
 “ Férez, al nun de la croiz ;
 Férez, baruns, ne targez mie,
 Al nun Jhésu le fiz Marie ;
 Férez, chevalers gentils,
 Sur vos mortels enemis.”
 Li barun vassals alosez
 E as loges e as trefs
 Unt les Yrreis asailiz
 E les tente[s] envaïs ;
 E les Yrreis desgarnis
 Par mi les landes sunt fuis,

Fui s'en sunt par la cuntré
Comme bestes esgarré.

REymund le Gros altreci
Sovent réclama sein Davi,
Les Yrreis ala pursuiant
Pur acomplir son talant ;
E Ricard, li bon cuntur,
Si ben ala fesant le jor,
Si ben ala li quens fesant
Que tuz erent amervolant ;
Et Meiler le fiz Henriz,
Que tant estait de grant pris,
Se contint si ferement
Que se merveillèrent la gent.
Sent e plus i out oisis
En Bain, ù il erent assis ;
E plus de mil e cinc cent
I out oisis de cele gent,
E des Engleis i out naufré
Ne mès un serjant à pé.
Le champ esteit remis le jor

A Ricard, le bon cuntur ;
Et les Yrreis sunt returnez
Desconfiz e debaretez.
Cum Deu volait, à cele feis
Remist le champ à nos Engleis ;
Tant trovèrent garnesun,
Blé, ferin e bacun,
Desque un an en la cité
Vittaille urent à plenté.
Vers la cité od sa gent
S'en veit la cunte mult léément.

LI quens Ricard al cors léger
Sa eire fet aparailer,
Vers Veisseford volt errer
Pur le barun délivrer.
Le fiz Estevene le barun
Unt les traïturs en prisun,
De Weiseford lient enfin
En prisun en Betherin.
Divelyn baila à garder
Al bon Miles le guerrer.

Atant s'en ala le cuntur
Ver Weyseford nuit e jor ;
Tant ad le cunte espleité,
Par ses jornés tant erré
E tant de jors e tant de nuiz
Que en Odrono est venuz ;
Mès les Yrreis de la cuntré
Al pas erent assemblé,
Pur encontrer li quens Richard
Asemblez erent une part,
Pur asailer les Engleis
Asemblez erent les Yrreis.
Li quens Richard od sa gent
Par mi un pas assurément
Quidout ben avant passer
Quant lui vint un encumbrer.
De Odrono li rei félun,
Orian ert de li le nun,
En haut s'est dunc escrié :
“ Mar estes, Englès, arivé.”
Icil reliout od lui sa gent,
Les Engleis asaili egrement ;

E les Engleis veraïement
Se défendèrent vassalement ;
Mès Meiler le fiz Henriz
Le jor enporta le pris.
En la bataille, sachez de fi,
N'i out meillur ke le fiz Henri ;
E mult esteit le jor preisé
Nichol, un moine à chapé ;
Kar de une sete oscist le jor
De Drone le seygnor.
De une sete, cum vus dis,
Iert O'Rian le jor occis ;
E Meiler, le bier menbré,
De un cop esteit astivé
De une pere en cele guere
Qu'il chancelad à la tere ;
Mès quant O'Rian esteit occis,
Les Yrreis se sunt partiz.
Del boys esteit pus nomé
Le pas le cunte e clamé
Pur ço que là iert asailis
Le cunte par ces enemis.

D'Eloc s'en est li quens turné
Vers Weyseford la cité
Pur aquiter Robert enprisuné,
Dunt vus ai avant cunté ;
Mès li culvert traïtur
N'el voleint rendre al cuntur,
Vers Becherin s'en sunt fuiz,
E Weyseford unt en arsun mis ;
Kar la mer cureit en fin
Trestut entur Becherin :
Pur ço ne pout, sonz mentir,
Li gentils quens à euz venir.

DUnc s'en est li quens turné
Vers Waterford od sa meyné,
Al rei de Lymerich ad mandé
Par ces brefs encelé
Que il venist en Osserie
Od trestut sa baronie
Sur Mac Donkid, li reis
Que de Osserie teneit les leis ;
Kar le rei de Lymerich out

La fille al riche rei Dermod ;
La fille Dermod del altre part
Out à muller le quens Richar,
Pur ço que urent deus sorur.
Li reis O'Brien e li cuntur
S'en vint enforciblement
En Osserie od sa gent.
Li quens Richard, le bon cuntur,
Encontre O'Brien vint le jor
En Odoth od sa gent fere
Encontre le reis de Monestere,
U dous mil homes erent ben
Li gentil quens e reis O'Brien.
Mac Donethit un message tramist
Desque al conte, qui lui dist
Que il volenters vendreit
Al cunte ù adrescereit
La hunte e le meffet
Dunt li barun unt retret ;
Al cunte vendreit en fin parler
Par si que quite s'en pust realer,
Ne mès que Moriz li barun

De Prendergast, cum nus chantum,
A mein le prist sur sa fei
De sauf condure le riche rei ;
E Morice tut erraument
Desque al cunte hastivement
Ala ; li barun gentils,
La pès del rei del cunte ad pris.
Li quens li ad respondu ben :
“ Morice, jà mar dutez ren ;
A mei fetez le rei venir :
Quant li plerra, s'en put partir.”
E Morice, si cum jo crei,
De chescun barun par sei
Aveit pris le serment
Que amener le pust surement
E sanement s'en pu partir,
Quant lui venist à pleisir ;
E Morice le vassal
Atant munta le cheval,
Si s'en ala aïtant
Cuntre le rei tut brochant,
Desque en la curt l'ad dunc mené

Devant le cuncte en sauveté.

LI quens l'ad dunc acopé
E tut li barun alosé
Mac Donehith de Osserie
De sa grant trecherie,
En quel manere il out traïz
Li bon Dermod, le rei gentils.
Li reis O'Brien vet conseiller
Al gentil cunte guerrer
Qu'il feit prendre li trechéur,
Si li feit livrer à déshonur ;
E li baruns, san mentir,
Le voleint tuz consentir ;
E reis O'Brien de Monestere
Sa gent tramist par la tere,
Sa gent feseit partut aler
E pur la tere rober,
Tant cum Mac Donthid esteit
Devant le cunte e pleideit.

Quant Morice le barun
Garniz esteit del traïsun,

Sa gent feseit par tut mander
Que euz se fesent test armer.
Dunt se est Morice, escrié :
“ Baruns, ke avez enpensé ?
Voz feiz avez trespassez,
Vers moi estes parjurés.”
Moriz a dist à sa meyné :
“ Muntez, chevalers enseigné.”
Morice par sa espé ad juré
N’i ad vassal si osé
Que sur le rei à icel jor
La meine i met ad déshonur,
Lequel seit sen u folie,
Ne set par mie la teste asuie ;
E Richard, li quens vailland,
Al barun Morice aïtant
Mac Donethith ad dunc baillé
E par la main li ad livré.
Atant i munte li barun,
Lui e tut si compaignun ;
Li reis unt en fin mené
Desque en boys en sauveté,
La gent O’Brien unt encontré

Que la tere urent robé,
E Moriz ad dunc occis
De cele gent u. ref u dis;
È par force e par valor,
De la curte sun seignur
Aveit Moriz e sa meyné
Li reis en boys le jor mené;
E Morice de Prendergast jut
Od Mac Donkid icele nuit;
Mès lendemain la matiné
S'est Moriz repeiré
Vers la curt sun seignur,
Que tant esteit de grant valor.
Les baruns unt Moriz reté
Del rei qu'il ad en boys mené,
Qui eret enemi mortel
A Richard le bon cunte naturel;
Kar cil reis par sa guerre
Dermod enjeta de Leynistere;
E Morice a sun grant parléé,
A son seigneur l'ad baillé,
Qu'en sa curt addressereit

De quant qu'il mespris aveit.
Asez l'unt replegeez
De vassals engleis alosez.

Quant fini urent icel pleist,
Li reis O'Brien vers Lymeric veit.
Li quens s'est dunc turné
Tut dreit vers Fernes la cité,
Uit jors ad sojorné
Li quens gentil e sun barné.
Dunc ad li quens partut tramis
Vallez, serjanz e mechins ;
Morthoth O'Brien wnt dunc quere
A munt, à val, par la tere ;
Tant l'unt quis par le païs
Que trové l'unt pur veir e pris ;
Tut dreit vers Fernes la cité
O'Brien li fel unc dunc mené,
Al cunte l'ont dunc livré
O'Brien le traïtre pruvé.
Pur ço que traï avet li fel
Dermod li sires dreiturel,

Le fist li quens décoler,
Le cors à guaighnu[n]s pus livrer ;
Le chétis l'unt tut dévoré
E la char de lui mangé ;
E Dovenald Kevenāth, un sun fiz,
Aveit al cunte mené e pris :
A Fernes erent amdeus occis,
Véant la gent de cel païs.
De Okencelath li reis yrreis
Al cunte vint lores à peis :
Ço fu le fel Murtherdath
Que pus ert reis de Okencelath.
Li quens li ad dunc granté
De Okencelath la régné ;
De Leynistere le pleis ballout
A Dovenald Kevenath, le fiz Dermod.
Ieil deus erent reis clamé
Des Yrreis de la contré.
En Yrland erent reis plusur
Cum à l'ures erent les cunturs ;
Mès qui tent Mithe e Leynistere
E Desmund e Munestere

E Connoth e Uluestere
Que jadis tendrent le sis frère,
Qui celes tenent sunt chef reis
De Yrlande, sulum les Yrreis.

Quant le cunte out apeisé
Les Yrreis de la cuntré,
Dunc fist li reis engleis mander,
Desque al cunte nuncier
Que, san délai, san contredit,
San terme prendre u respit,
Venist li quens hastivement
A lui parler délivrement ;
E le cunte al cel termine
A Milis bailla Develine,
Une cité mult loé
Que Hathelayth iert einz nomé ;
E Waterford la cité,
Que Port-Largi esteit clamé,
Bailla li quens gentil Richard
A Gilibert de Borard.
Li quens se fist dunc aprester,

Vers Engleterre volt passer ;
Passer volt li quens gentils
Pur parler al rei Henris,
Al rei Henri Curt-Mantel
Que ert si frères dreiturel :
Ses nefis fist dun apariler
Pur les undes traverser,
Passer volt la haute mer,
Al rei engleis irrad parler.
Tant c'est li quens espleité
Que la mer ad jà passé ;
En Gales esteit arivé
Li quens, que tant esteit duté.

L I quens Richard, à cele feiz,
A Penbroc trova li riche reis.
Li quens gentil de grant valor
Par devant le son seignur
Od ses amis e od ses druz
Devant son seignur esteit venus.
Li gentils quens ad salué
Del fiz le rei de maïsté ;

E li reis de bone part
Respons donat al cunte Richard.
Li reis respond aïtant :
“ Teu te beneie tut puissant !”

MÈs, cum il me fu cunté,
Auques esteit li quens mellé ;
Li quens gentils de grant valor
Mellé esteit à sun seigneur.
Par mensu[n]ge de la gent
E par maveise entisement
Esteit Richard, li quens gentils,
Auques mellé al rei Henris.
Li riche reis nepurquant
Al cunte feseit beu semblant.
Semblant ne fist à cele feiz
De nul coruce li riche reis ;
Mès mult li honura li rei Henriz,
Que fiz esteit l'emperiz.
Atant cum li pugnéur
Esteit remis à son seigneur,
Este-vus un fel aïtant

Vers Dyvelin vint siglant;
Sus Dyvelin iert arivez
Hesculf Mac Turkil od cent nefz,
Mult de gent ad od sei menez
Bien vint mil apretez,
De Eir vindrent e de Man;
E de Norwiche i vint Johan
Un vassal, Johan le Devé
Ad Mac Turcul od sei mené.
New ert cil riche reis
De Norwiche, solum les Yrreis.
A Steine erent arivé
Hescul e Johan le Devé,
Dehors Dyveline la cité
Erent iceus alogé;
Par la cité asailir,
La gent firent de nefz issir.
Armer se fist li bon Milun,
Lui e tut si compaignun.
Défendre se volt li gentil hom
Tant cum purrat défension;
De par Deu omnipotent,

Défendre se volt vers la gent.

Atant este-vus un reis

De cel païs ü un Irreis,

Gylmeholmoth out cil nun,

A peis esteit al bon Milun ;

A Milun i vint cil parler,

Al barun conseil demander ;

Kar Milun al fer corage

De cel rei aveit ostage

Que cil tendreit od le cuntur

Léalment e nuit e jor.

Li bon Mile al reis ad dist :

“ Entendez, sire, un petit.

Voz ostages vus frai livrer

Seinz e saufz e tuz enter.

Voz ostages averez par si

Que tu faces ço que tu di,

Par si que ne seez aidant

Ne nus ne euz tant ne quant,

Mès que encoste de nus seez

E la bataille agarderez

Par encosté od ta gent,

Si que véez apertement
La mellé e la bataille
Entre nus e euz, san faille ;
E, si Deus le nus consent
Que seient desconfiz icele gent,
Que nus seez od tun poer
Eidant pur euz debareter ;
E si nus seimis recreant,
Vus lur seez del tut aidant
De nus trencher e occire,
Le noz livrer à martire.”
Li reis li ad iço granté,
Sa fei plevie e juré,
Quanque Milis li ad dist
Freit li reis san nul respit.

GYlmeolmoch aïtant
Dehors la cité maintenant
Se est cil reis pur veir asis
Od cel gent de sun païs.
Desur le Hogges de Sustein,
Dehors la cité, en un plein,

Par agarder la mellé
Se sunt iloque asemblé.
Pur agarder icel estur,
Gylmeholmoch se sist le jor,
En une place vereiment
Se sist od sa meiné gent.

E Ste-vus Johan le Devé
Vers Dyvelyn tut serré,
Vers la cité od sa gent,
En dreite la porte del orient,
Vers la porte Seint-Marie,
La cité unt dunc asailie ;
E Milis, od le hardi chère,
Un barun vassal out à frère.
Ricard out icil à nun,
Frère esteit al bon Milun.
Icil se feseit ben armer,
Od lui ben trent chevaler.
Pur la dute del occident
Issus sunt tut privément
Si que nuls ne saveit

Nis nul que sunt frère esteit ;
E Milis sa gent ad ordiné,
Défendre voleit la cité,
Les serjanz feseit avant aler
Pur lanceer e segeter.
Iceles tut dreit as muraus,
Pur défendre les kerneus,
Se turnèrent aïtant
Li archer e li serjant ;
E Miles, que tant esteit hardis,
Od tuz les chevalers de pris
En lurs chevaux erent muntés,
Des armes garniz e aprestez.
Les gent Johan par hatie
La cité unt dunc envaïe,
E les Engleis de grant valor
Se défenderent ben le jor ;
E Ricard esteit venus,
Einz qu'il ert apercéuz,
Sur la garde que ert detrefs ;
Si's ad forment escriez.
Ricard s'escrie aïtant :

“ Férés, chevalers vaillant.”
E li barun par grant vertuz
En la presse sunt férusz.
Mult fu grant la mellé
E li hu e la crié,
E Johan ad dunc assente
La noise des trefs e la hué,
De la cité s’est partiz,
Succurre volt ses amis
Ki trefs erent remis,
Ne sai le quel, nef mil u dis.
Parti s’en est de la cité
Icil Johan e sa meyné
Pur succure lur gent detrefs
Qu’il ne soient debaretez ;
E Miles li alosé
Issuz esteit de la cité,
Issuz fu od sa gent,
Od vassals armés ben treis cent
Estre tut li autre meyné,
Archers, serjans e joude à pé.
Devant que Miles esteit issuz,

Cinc cent erent abatuz ;
E cels cinc cent erent nasfrez
Que jà ne serrunt resanez.

QUant Miles esteit venuz
E vassals engleis menbruz,
Miles s'est dunc escriez :
“ Férés, baruns alosez !
Férés, vassals, hastivement ;
N'esparniez icel gent !”

QUant al champ esteit Milun
Lui e tut si compaignun,
Mut esteint esbauduz
Les vassals engleis aduriz.
Cum Deu le volt tut poant,
Par sa vertu que tant est grant,
Solum le dit l'estorie,
As Engleis dona la victorie ;
Mès des Engleis à icel jor
Esteit Ricard de tut la flur.
Mut i out grant discipline

De cele gent lée la marine.
Fui se sunt aïtant
E li petit e li grant
De cel grant hu qu'erent meué
Hesculf e Johan le Devé.

Quant Gylmeholmoch, sachez, li reis
Vist fuir les Northwicheis
E cil de Eir e cil de Man,
La meiné Hesculf e Johan,
E li reis pur veir se vist
Que cil erent desconfist,
En pès s'en est li reis saili,
A haute voiz hautement cri :
“ Ore sus, seignurs vassals !
Aidum as Engleis naturals.
Ore, sus tost ! si aiderum
A bon Ricard e à Milun.”
E les Yrreis aïtant
De tut pars wnt occiant,
Occiant wnt de tut pars
E de gavelocs e de dars

Icele gent ki erent venus
Od Esculf li veil chanuz ;
E cil s'en wnt desconfiz
En boys, en pleinz, en larris.
Que vus devoirie plus dire ?
Mil e cinc cent artire
Erent remis à icel jor
Mors, detrenchez à dolur.
Veir ço dient les asquanz,
Dous mil vassals combatanz
Erent le jor pur veir remis
Ki enz al champ erent occis.

MÈs cil Johan le Devé
Esteit vassal ben alosé ;
Kar cil Johan en la mellé
De une hache ben tempré
Cosuit le jor un chevaler
Que la quisse lui fist voler,
Od tut la hache de fer blanc
Lui fist voler la quisse al champe.
Bien ad cil le jor occiz

De nos Engleis nef u dis ;
Mès li bon Milis de Cogan
Occist le devant-dit Johan ;
E Ricard le jor, son faille,
Hesculf prist en la bataille ;
E les chanz e les larriz
Erent couvers de occiz.
Sachez-le tuz pur veir, san faille,
Mout i out en la bataille
Le jor en fin destructiun
E des Engleis perdicion.

A Sez i ganèrent trésor
Les Engleis, argent e or ;
E Milis e sa meyné
Vers Dyviline sunt turné.
Quant venus sunt à la cité,
Hesculf unt dunc décole ;
Pur sa grant desmesure
Descolé l'unt à dreiture,
Pur sun orgoil e ses fous dis ;
Pus que Ricard Hesculf out pris

Décolé l'unt hastivement,
Véant la marine gent.
Fui s'en sunt par la montaine
Les Norwicheis e par la plaine,
Les eskauz as nefis turnèrent,
La mer passer ben quidèrent ;
Mès les Engleis lur sunt detrefs
Que lur contredient les nefis.
Si là fuissez à icel jor,
Des homes Hesculf li trecheur
V cent veisez le jor plunger
Desque à la parfund de la mer.
Issi erent verament
Desconfiz la marine gent.
Le champ urent le jor vengu
Les Engleis par la Deu vertu.
Les autres erent departri,
Mort, naffrez e deconfiz.
En lur païs veraiment
De cel Norwicheis gent
Ne revindrent que dous miller
Par lur dreitures chalenger.

Issi larrum la reisun
Del bon Ricard e de Milun,
Del rei engleis vus conterum,
Henri od fere facun.

TAnt cum li reis unt sur la mer
A Penbroscire pur passer,
Atant este-vus al port
Traitez duzze de Weyseford
Arivé sunt en un batele
A Penbroc dreit suz le castel.
Tantost cum erent arivez,
Vers le castel sunt turnez ;
Parler voleint li fel
Al rei Henri Curt-Mantel.
Tant unt les traîtres espleité
Que al paleis sunt entré
Par devant le rei Henris,
Ke fiz esteit l'emperiz,
Et si li saluent hautement
De Deu le père omnipotent.
Li riche reis erraument

Lur respondi docement
Ki ben seint venuz,
Ses bien voillanz e ses druz.

“ **T**El tenez, scire, à folur,
Ço li unt dist li traïtur,
Si vus dirrum, sacez les tuz,
Pur quei eimes venus à vus :
Pris awm vostre félon,
Robert Fiz Estephene ad nun,
Ki jadis vus fist boïdie,
Sovent grant mal e tricherie ;
Plusurs feiz vus unt fet guerre
En Gales e en Engleterre,
En Yrlande vint od navire,
Livrer nus volt à martire,
Destrure volt nostre païs,
Sovent nus mist de mal en pirs.
En un chastel l'awm pris,
En prison forte l'awm mis ;
A tei rendrum, gentil reis,
Que sire estes des Engleis ;

E vus, gentil rei preisé,
Descofret ta volenté.”
Li reis lur ad respondu :
“ Par tel covenant been seez venu
Que vus me facez livrer celui
E pus ço que frai de lui.”
E cil li unt asueré,
Pur veir pramis e juré,
Tantost cum erent passé la mer,
Al rei Henri, que tant est fere,
Lui frunt Robert en fin livrer
E tut li altre chevaler
Tant cum il unt en prisun
E en lur possessiun.

SEignurs, ore vus voil dire
Pur que li prist si grant ire
Li reis, que tant ert enseigné,
Del barun Robert l'alosé ;
Kar li reis veraiment,
A ki Engleterre apent,
Mut amout li barun

Que cil tindrent en prisun :
Pur ço aveit li reis poiür
Que li félun traïtur
Le bon Robert feseient murthrir,
Vergunder u hunir :
Pur ço feseit li rei semblant
De coruz e de ire grant
Que il aveit vers le barun,
Pur la dute de traïsun
Ke feseint li tricheur
Envers Robert li pugneur.

LI reis l'ad dunc mercié
A traïtres de lur lauté,
Ki sun enemi unt pris,
En bues e en avans mis,
E de ço que pramis l'unt
Que Robert livrer li frunt.
Atant unt lur congié pris
Les traïtres del rei Henris,
Si s'en wnt vers lur ostal
En la cité principal.

Iloec attendrent lur vent
Li reis e euz ensement.

Olez, seignurs, del rei Henriz,
Que fiz esteit l'emperiz,
Cum il volt la mer passer
E Yrlande conquerer
Trestut par le loement
Del gentil conte, solum la gent.
Le rei Henri est dunc passez
En Yrlande od ses nefz.
Li reis ad dunc od sei menez
Quatre cent chevalers armez.
Li rei Henri, quant eskipa,
A la Croiz en mer entra ;
A Pemleocshire à cele feiz
En mer entra li riche reis.
Od lui passa li gentil quens,
Solum le dist des anciens.
A Waterford li gentil reis
Ariva od quatre mil Engleis
A la Tusseinz vraiment,

Si la geste ne nus ment ;
Devant la feste sein Martyn
En Yrlande vint li reis en fin.
Od le rei erent passez
Vassals ben aparentés.
Willame le fiz Audeline
Od lui vint à cel termine,
Umfrei de Boün altresì,
Le barun Huge de Laci.
Si vint od le cors le rei
Le fiz Bernard, Robert, ço crei.
Un barun i vint alosé,
Bertram de Verdun iert clamé.
Cuntes, baruns de grant pris
Asez vindrent od le Henris.

LI quens par sun eiudegré
Al rei rendi la cité,
Al reis rendi Waterford
Par sun gré e par sun cord,
Homage de Leynistere
Fist à rei de Engleterre,

Li quens de grant valor
Homage fist à sun seignur.
Leynistere lui ad granté
Li riche reis en hérité.
Li rei Henri, al cors gailard,
Al barun Robert le fiz Bernard
Waterford ad la cité
Al fiz Bernard idunc baillé.

QUant li reis iert arive
A Waterford en sauveté,
Este-vus les traïtres,
Que de Weyseford erent seignurs,
Le fiz Estephene en unt mené
Par devant lui en anelé
En Waterford la cité,
Al cors le rei li unt livré.
Li reis receut le cors,
Véant baruns e cuntors.
Iloc l'encupa li reis gentils
De quantque il aveit mespris
Envers lui, ki ert sun seignur,

Par devant le traïtur.
Le fiz Estephene pleja sun guant,
Al rei le tendi meintenant :
De quantque lui saverat retter
Lui vodrat Robert adrescer
En sa curt mult volenters
Par la garde de tuz sez pers.
Asez le plegèrent errant
Franceis, Flamengs e Normand.
De Waterford le rei Henris
S'en turnat od ses marchis,
Vers Dyvelin od sa gent
Ala sanz délaement.
La cité lui rendi errant
Ricard, li gentil quens vaillant.
Dyvelin li rei Henri
A Hüge baillad de Laci,
E cil ad pus gardé
Par commandement le rei la cité ;
E li reis de Engleterre
D'iloc turnat vers Monestere,
Vers la cité de Cassele

Turnat li reis od sa gent bele,
U al ore esteit lessé
De Monestere le archevesché.
De Cassele turnat avant
Vers Lysmor li rei pussant.
Li rei Henri Curt-Mantel
A Lismor voleit un chastel
Fermer: se volt li rei Henriz,
Que fiz esteit li emperiz.
Ne sai pur quei, mès nepurquant
A cel feiz remist atant.

VErs Leynestere s'est turnez
Li reis engleis à cele feiz,
Ver Leynistere la garnie
Turnat od sa cheva[le]rie.
Dis e wit simeins, plus ne meins,
Solum le dist as anciens,
Remist le duc de Normandie
En Yrlande od sa baronie.
De Normandie à cele feis
Esteit ducs li riche reis ;

De Gascoine e de Britaine,
De Peito, de Ango e de Almaine
Esteit li rei Henris clamé
Sire, solum l'antiquité.
En Yrlande esteit li reis
Bien quinzeine e quatre meis.
En la terre, à mont, à val,
Errout li reis natural.
La vitaille esteit trop chère
Par trestut Leynestere,
Kar ne lur vint garnesun
Ne nul autre région.
A Dyvelin esteit li rei Henriz,
E à Kyldare li quens gentils.
Li quens sujorneit
Od tant de gent cum il aveit.
Tant cum li reis preisé
En Dyvelin iert la cité,
Este-vus un mès batant
De Engleterre vint batant.
Este-vus un messenger
Al rei vint nuncier

Que Henri sun fiz einé
Esteit pur vers sur lui turné
E qu'il li volt de Normandie
Tut tolir la seignurie.

LOres fist li rei mander
Huge de Laci tut premer
E ses cuntés e ses vassals
E ses baruns naturels.
Li riche rei ad dunc baillé
Dyvelin en garde la cité
E le chastel e le dongun
A Huge de Laci le barun,
E Waterford del autre part
Al barun Robert le fiz Bernard.
Le fiz Estephene à cel termine
Esteit remis à Dyveline,
E Meiler le fiz Henri
E Miles le fiz Davi ;
Od Huge erent icil remis
Par commandement le rei Henris.

EYnces que à cel termine
Li reis départi de Dyveline,
A Huge de Laci ad doné
Mithe tut en érité,
Mithe donat li guerrer
Pur cinquante chevaler
Que li barun féist aver
Le servise quant éust mester ;
A un Johan Uluestere,
Si à force la peust conquère.
De Curti out à nun Johan,
Ki pus suffri meint [a]han.
Pus s'en alad li reis al port
Vers la cité de Weyseford,
Ses nefes feseit aparailer
A tut li mestre notinier ;
E Ricard li quens preisé
Vers Fernes turnat la cité,
Sa fille i ad marié,
A Robert de Quenci l'ad doné.
Iloc esteit le mariage
Véant tut le barnage ;

A Robert la donat de Quenci
E tut le Duftir altresì,
Le conotable de Leynestere
E l'ensegne e la banere.
Del conte voil ici lesser,
A ma materie repeirer ;
Wdra, seignurs, sachez de fi,
Parler del riche [rei] Henri.

LI reis demorat à la mer
A Weyseford pur passer.
Li reis gentil est donc passé,
A Portfinan arivé.
Od lui passa li bon Milun
E meint vassal e meint barun.
A demi lui de Sein-Davi
Ariva li rei Henri,
E li reis vers Normandie
Alad od sa grant seignurie.
Pur un sun fiz guerrer,
Que lui volt désériter,
Guerre out li riche reis

En Normandie des Franceys.
En Yrlande esteit remis
Li gentil quens od ses amis,
A Kyldare sujornout
Od tant de force cum il out,
Sovent alad en Offali
Pur rober O'Dimesi.
O'Dimesy iert dunc clamé
De Offali sire e avué.

LI quens alad en Offailie
Od tut sa chevalerie
Pur preer e pur rober
O'Dymesy ki tant iert fer
Que al cunte deignout parler,
Ostages ne li volt livrer,
Al cuncte ne volt à pès venir.
O'Dymesy od la sue gent
Mult se contint vassalment,
O'Dymesy lores, san mentir,
Contre li quens vraiment
A qui Leynestere apent.

Quant li cuncte od sa meyné
En Offailie esteit entré,
Robert feseit dunc la tere
En boys, en plains, les vaches quere.
Quant il aveit assemblé
La preie de tut la cuntré,
Vers Kyldare sunt repeirés
Les baruns engleis alosés.
Li quens esteit al frunt devant
Od mil vassals combatant,
Le conestable esteit destrefs
En l'arère-garde remés.
Tut dreit al issir del pas
Lur currut sure tost vias,
Sur lur currut O'Dymesy
E les Yrreis de Offaili;
L'arère-garde unt asailiz
Les tuz de cel païs.
Le jor enfin esteit occis
De Quenci Robert li [gen]tis,
Que tut l'enseigne e le penun
De Leynestere la régiun,

A qui li quens aveit doné
La conestablerie en hérité.
Mult fu depleint, sachez de fi,
Le barun Robert de Quenci,
E mult esteit en grant tristur
Pur sa mort sun bon seignur.

QUant cil Robert esteit occis,
Le cors unt ben ensevelis.
Une fille pur vers aveit
Robert, qui tant gentils esteit,
De sa espuse veraiment,
Solum le ancienne gent,
Que pus iert doné à un barun :
Phelip de Prendergast out nun,
Le fiz Moriz Ossriath,
Ki pus vesquist O'Kencelath.
De cil Phelip voil lesser,
Del gentil cunte voil parler
E de un barun chevaler,
(Reymund le Gros l'oï nomer)
Cum cil barun de grant valor

Al cunte requist sa sorur
Que lui donast à muiller
E à amie e à per
Od tut la conestablie
De Leynestere le garnie,
Desque l'enfant fust de cel age
Que tener pust sun héritage
La fille Robert de Quenci,
Dunt avez avant oï,
U desque fud ele doné
E à tel home marié
Qui pust guier la banere
E le seigne de Leynistere.

REspondi ad li gentils quens
Qu'il n'esteit pas conseillés
De fere le peticiun
Dunt li requist le barun.
Atant s'en parti Reymun
Lui e tut si compainun,
Congié prist par mal talent
Del cunte trestut erraument,

En Gales pus en fin passout
Pur le ire que il out
Del cunte que lui escondist
De la requeste que lui requist.
Issi en tele manere
Departi Reymund de la terre,
Vers Gales passa la mer,
A Karreual à sojorner.
Del Gros Reymund issi lerrai,
Del rei engleis vus conterai
Cum il par messagier tramist.
Desque al cunte fist nuncier
En Yrlande par messagier
Que lui venist en aïe
Hastivement en Normandie,
Kar mult esteit en grant penser
De sa tere gouverner
E de garder sun país
Encontre le jouene rei sun fiz ;
E li quens de grant valor
Pur aider à sun seignur
La mer passa vers Normandie,

Asez mena chevalerie ;
En Yrlande ad lessé
Chevalers, serjanz e joude à pé
Pur la tere conquerer,
K'il n'el pussent euoiter
La léger gent de cel païs,
Que erent tuz ses enemis.

Quant le cunte naturel
Al rei Henri Curt-Mantel
Esteit venus par devant,
Mult esteit li reis joiant.
Dunc li ad li reis livré
Gisorz en garde la cité,
E le cunte par grant doçur
Respondi à sun seignur
Que volunters, sen mentir,
Tant li vendreit à pleisir ;
La cité en fin gardereit
Tant cum al gentil rei plerreit.
Tant ad le cunte ben servi
A sun seignur le rei Henri

Que li reis, sen feintise,
Mult se loeit de sun servise.

LI riche reis sei demande
De repeirer en Yrlande,
Congé donat al guerrier
En Yrlande de repeirer.
Weyseford clamat li reis
Al cunte quit à cele feiz ;
Si li baillat la marine,
Waterford e Dyveline.
Dunc fist li reis mander
Tut li barun chevaler,
Quant il out à Waterford,
A Dyveline e à Weyseford,
Que deques à lui hastivement
Vengent par sun commandement.
Li gentil quens, sachez de fi,
En tele manere s'en départi,
En mer entra aïtant,
Vers Yrlande va siglant,
Siglant va la haute mer

Li gentil cunte guerrer ;
Tant ad curru par marine
Que venus est à Dy[ve]line.
Dunc manda li quens Ricard
Le barun Robert le fiz Bernard
E tuz le baruns vassals
Que se clamèrent reals,
De Waterford la cité,
Chevalers, baruns e meyné,
A chescun barun par sei
Par le commandement le rei,
Que tuz passassent la mer
En Normandie li reis aider ;
E le cunte derichef
A Waterford tramist par bref,
As baruns manda altretel
De part le rei Curt-Mantel
K'il passassent san demore
En Normandie li reis succurre.
Le fiz Estephene altresi
La mer passa al rei Henri ;
E Moriz Ossriath,

Ki pus mist en O'Kencelath ;
E Hige de Laci, qui tant iert fer,
Pur sa terre herberger,
Vers Mithe s'en est turné
Od meint vassal alosé.
De eil Hige ne voil plus dire,
Des baruns vassals vus voil descrire.

QUant passés erent les baruns,
Tut dreit en joing druvesuns
Vers Lundris tut dreit turnèrent
Od tant de gent cum il erent.
A l'ur esteit, sachez, grant guerre
Par trestut Engleterre ;
Kar d'Eschose li riche reis
Guerrouit li reis engleis ;
E de Leycestre lors li quens,
Solum li dist des anciens,
Sur sun seignur esteit turné
E Flemenges aveit mené :
Destrure trestut Engletere
Quidout eil par lur guerre
Tant cum le fiz l'emperiz

En Normandie guerrouit sun fiz ;
E li vassal e li barun
De Engleterre la régiun
Les Flemenges encontré unt
A la cité Seint-Eadmund.
Iloec erent deconfiz,
De Leycestre le conte pris ;
Deconfiz erent en tel manere
Par le succurs de Leynestere ;
E par la force des Yrreis
Remist le champ à gent engleis ;
E si refu dedens cel meins
Li reis pris e conquéis ;
E les baruns de Yrlande,
Ki unt esté en cel brande,
En Normandie sunt tuz passez
E la novele al rei contez
Cum les Flemengs erent occis
E le rei d'Eschoce pris.

“ **H**A ! dist li reis, Deu, tei aüre,
Ki père estes e créature,
Quant fet me avez icel amur

Que pris sunt mi traïtur.”

Oiez, seignurs, baruns vaillant,
Que Deus de cel vus seit guarant!
Del reis engleis voil lesser,
Ki tant par est nobles e fer,
Del gentil conte voil parler
E de ses envers treïter,
Cum le conte natural
Par Yrlande, à munt, à val,
Errout, sachez, od gent fere
Par trestut Leynestere.

DUnc fist le conte passer
Un son demeyn latinier,
Al Gros Reymund fist nuncier
Qui tost à lui venist parler,
Si li durreit à uxor
Le gentil conte sa sorur.
Dunc se aparilla Reymun,
Od lui meint vassal barun.
A Weyseford sunt arivez,

Solum l'estorie, od treis nefis.

A Tant tramist le Gros Reymun
Desque al cunte par un garsun
Ki tut li ad le veir cunté,
Cum Reymund iert arivé,
E ke le cunte sun talent
Al barun mandast hastivement.
Li gentil quens à cel feez
A Waterford iert la citez,
Desque à Reymund ad mandé
Que tut li freit sa volenté,
Si remanda altresi
Que desque al iddle de Instepheini
Encontre lui à parlement
Venist Reymund od sa gent.
Dunc se aparilla Reymund
Lui e tut si compaignun,
Desque al iddle est turné,
Si cum le conte out mandé ;
E le conte ensement
I vint à mult bele gent.

LI quens gentis de grant valor
LI menad lores sa sorur.
Iloec unt tut purparléé
Le cunte e li barun menbréé
De sa sorur marier,
Al Gros Reymund la fra doner.
D'iloc s'en turnèrent errant
Vers Weyseford combatant.
Sa sor i ad li quens mené,
Al Gros Reymund l'ad dunc doné
E le seigne e la banere
De trestut Leyniestere,
Desque l'enfant seit del age
Que tenir peut son héritage
La fille Robert de Quenci,
Dunt avez avant oi.

MÈs pus la prist un vassal,
Phelip, un barun natural :
De Prendergast esteit clamé,
Un barun vassal alosé.
Ço fu celui, sachez tuz,

K'al matin iert greins e nus,
Après manger frans e duz,
Curteis, largis as trestuz ;
Tant cum la cape out fublé,
De ire esteit tut dis enflé ;
Quant al matin fust digné,
Sus cel n'ut home plus heité.
Icil tint plus longement
Le conestablie, solum la gent ;
Mult esteit icil preisé,
De tute gens esteit amé,
Asez esteit de fer corage
E de mult grant vassallage.
De lui ne voil ici conter,
A ma materie voil repeirer :
Ws dirrai, seignurs, gentil barun,
Parler voil del Gros Reymun,
Cum le cunte guerrer
Sa sor donat à muiller ;
Fothord li donat li cuntur
A mariage od sa sorur ;
Pus li ad, sachez, doné

Odrono tut en hérité,
E Glaskarrig ensemment
Sur la mer ver le orient ;
Sur la mer donat Obarthi
A Hervi de Momorci.
Li quens Ricard le vaillant
A Moriz de Prendergast devant
Fernegenal aveit doné
E par son conseil confermé
Devant li quens preisé
En Yrlande fust arivé ;
C. feiz li dona par tele divise
Pur dis chevalers servise.
Si en Fernegenal mist sun plein,
Si l'ust Moriz del plus prosein.
Ne sai coment, sachez, Robert
La tint pus, fiz Godebert ;
Karebri donat al bon Meiler,
Ki tant esteit nobles ber ;
Li quens Ricard pus donout
A Moriz le fiz Geroud ;
Lenas donat le bon cuntur

Al fiz Geroud od tut le onur :
Ço est la terre de Ofelan
Ki fud al traïtur Mac Kelan ;
Si li donat Winkinlo
Entre Brée e Arklo :
Ço fud la tere de Kylvantan,
Entre ad Cleth e Lochgarman.
Li gentil quens altresì
Vint féiz en Omorethi
Donat en fin à Water
De Riddelisford, li guerrer ;
Johan de Clahaule la marchausie
De Leynestere la garnie
Od tut la tere, sachez de fin,
Entre Eboy e Lethelyn ;
A Robert de Burmegam
Offali al west de Osfelan ;
Adam de Erford ensement
Donat riche feffement ;
E à Milis le fiz Davi,
Ki tant esteit privé de li,
O Robert en Osserie
Li ad doné à sa partie ;

A Thomas le Flemmeng ad doné
Ardri, véant son barné ;
Ofelineth donad sur la mer
Li quens à un chevaler,
A Gilebert de Borard
Donad li quens à sa part ;
Li gentil quens, que tant fu fer,
Xv. feiz donat sur la mer
A un barun chevaler :
Reinand l'oï nomer.
Li quens Ricard fiz Gilbert
Le Norrath donad à un Robert,
Ki pus esteit pur veir occis
En Connoth par ses ennemis.
En tel manere li quens preisé
Sa tere ad partie e doné.
Del gentil conte issi larrai,
De Hüge de Laci vus conterai,
Cum il feffa ses baruns,
Chevalers, serjanz e garsunz.

CHastel-Knoc tut premer donat
A Hüge Tyrel, k'il tant amat ;

E Chastel-Brec, solum l'escrit,
A barun Willame le Petit,
Marcherueran altresi
E la tere de Rathkeuni ;
Le Cantref pus de Hadhnorkur
A Meiler, qui ert de grant valor,
Donad Huge de Laci
Al bon Meiler le fiz Hervi ;
A Gilibert de Nangle en fin
Donat tut Makerigalin ;
A Jocelin donat le Nouan
E la tere de Ardbrechan
(Li un ert fiz, li altre père,
Solum le dit de la mère) ;
A Richard tuit ensement
Donad riche feffement ;
Rathwor donat altresi
Al barun Robert de Lacy ;
A Richard de la Chapele
Tere donad bone e bele ;
A Geffrei de Constentyn Kelberi
A memes de Rathei Marthi ;

E Sc'n ad pus enchartré,
Adam de Feipo l'ad pus doné ;
A Gilibert de Nungent,
A Willam de Muset ensement
Donat teres e honors,
Véant baruns e vassaïrs ;
E al barun Hüge de Hosé
Terre bele ad pus doné ;
Adam Dullard altresì
La terre de Rathenuarthi ;
A un Thomas ad doné
De Cravile en hérité
Eymelath Began tute en peis
(Al nor est de Kenlis),
Lachrachalun ensement ;
E Sendouenath, solum la gent,
Donat Hüge de Lacy
A cil Thomas, sachez de fi ;
Grandone pus à un barun,
Ricard le Flemmeng out à nun,
xx feiz li donat vraiment,
Si la geste ne vus ment.

Un mot fist cil jeter
Pur ses enemis grever,
Chevalers retint e bele gent,
Archers, serjanz ensement
Pur destrure ses enemis :
Sovent les mist de mal en pirs ;
Mès pus lur survint O'Karvel
Ki reis esteit de Yriel,
E Mac Donleue le félun
De Uluestere la régiun.
Ororig i fud en fin,
E le rei Malathlin.
Bien vint mil à cel feiz
Lur survindrent gent yrreis ;
Mult egrement lur asaillèrent,
E les baruns se défendirent.
Tant cum wnt, défension
Aver poreint en lur meison ;
E les Yrreis de tutes pars
Gaveloc^s lancèrent e dars,
La meyson unt pur veir mal mise
E la meylé dedens occise ;

Mès mult i out einz occis
Des Yrreis del north païs.
Sachez, Les tuz en tel manère
Esteit herbergé la tere
E de chastels e de cités,
De dunguns e de fermetés
Ki ben est aracinez.
Les gentils vassals alosés
E le cunte out jà conquise
De Leynestere ses enemis ;
Kar vers sei aveit Murtherdath,
E pus Dovenald Keuanath,
Mac Donthod e Mac Dalwi,
O'Morthe e O'Dymesi,
O'Duvegin le veil flori,
O'Brien de Dufthre altresì,
Gylmeholmoc e Mac Kelan,
E de O'Barthy O'Lorcan ;
E tuz les ostages de pris,
De Leynestere les plus gentils,
Out li quens, sachez, vers sei
Solum le anciane lei ;

E cil de Laci pus Hugun
A Trym ferma une meisun,
E fossé jeta environ,
E pus l'enclost de hireson ;
Dedens la meysun ad pus mis
Chevalers baruns de grant pris,
Pus comandast le castel
En la gard Hige Tyrel,
Al port ala pur passer
Vers Engleterre la haute mer ;
Mès de Connoth l'entendeit
Li reis, qui à cel contemple esteit,
Que Hige un chastel aveit fermé :
De la novele esteit iré,
Sun host feseit à sei venir,
Le chastel irra asaillir.

O'Chonchor tut à estrus,
De Connoth li reis orgullus,
Od sei menad O'Flaverti,
Mac Dermot e Mac Herathi,
Reis O'Kelli de O'Mani,

O'Harthire e O'Hinnathi,
O'Cabre e O'Flannegan,
E pus don O'Manethan,
O'Dude e O'Manethan,
O'Sathnessy de Poltilethban ;
Si alad le reis Molethlin
E reis O'rorig sun veysin,
De Kinel O'Neil O'Malori
E Mac Douleue altresì ;
Si alad reis O'Karuel
E Mac Tawene, qui tant ert fel,
Mac Scilling e Mac Artan
E fel Mac Garragan ;
Makelan tut ensement
I alad od la sue gent ;
De Kinelogin O'Nel li reis
Od sei menad trei mil Yrreis.
Assemblez erent les Norreis
E de Lethchoin trestut les reis,
Vers Trym pristrent à cheminer
Pur le chastel agravanter ;
E li barun Huge Tyrel

Desque al cunte un damisel
Il envea trestut brochant
Sur un cheval asez curant,
Que al cunte descrit trestute
La novele tut de buche :
Que assemblés erent les Norreys
E de Lescoin trestut les reis
Pur abatre le dongun,
Le chastel e le hirefun.
“ Par mei vus mande li barun
Li veil Tyrel de Trym Hugun
Que tu le seez de tut aidant
O tun force e succurrant.”
E li cunte lui pramis ad
Que il de buche lui eiderat.

TUz fist somundre sa gent
Par Leynestere hastivement.
Quant assemblez esteint tuz,
Vels, jovenes, bloys e ruz,
Vers Trym pensèrent de errer
Pur les Norreys encuntrer ;

Mès einz ki li gentil quens
Venus esteit od les sens,
Aveit Hüge vraiment
Del tut guerpi le mandement
Pur ço qu'il n'aveit à fors
Dedens la meisun ne deors
De mellé rendre ne estur
San l'aide del cuntur.
Quant les Engleis erent partis
E lur meysun urent guerpiz,
A [T]rym vindrent les Yrreis.
La somme dirrai de meis
Cumben erent ne quant miller ;
Kar tenu sarrai mensonjer.
La mot firent tut dégeter,
Desque à la tere tut verser,
E la meysun tut premer
De fu ardant estenceler.

Quant acompli urent lur feiz,
Si s'en sunt trestut retreiz ;
De retourner unt fet semblant

Vers lur païs li fel tyrant ;
E li cunte, que tant iert fere,
Ver Trym pensout d'esperimere
Pur la meysun garantir,
Si il là hore pust venir.
Vers Trym s'en veit li quens brochant
E od lui meint vassal vaillant ;
Mès quant li quens esteit venus,
Sur l'ewe esteit lores descenduz ;
Kar il n'i trova en [e]stant
Meysun, bordel, petit ne grant,
U il se peust dedens eiser
Ne cel nuit herberger.

LOres fist li quens hucher,
Par tut l'ost commander
Que tuz montasent errant ;
Atant se mist al ferrant,
Si s'en ala chemin dreiture
Pursuant à grant alure.
Tant s'en est li quens penez
Qu'il atenist la gent detrefs,

Si lur curut hastivement
Sanz nul arestement ;
E les Yrreis ki erent nuz
Se sunt lores responduz,
Là set, là wit, là treis, là quatre,
Si que nul ne tint à altre ;
E li quens ad dunc occis
De cele gent set vint e dis ;
Pus fet, sachez, retur
Vers Dyveline od grant baudur ;
E Hige Tyrel ver Trim ala,
Sa fortelece referma,
Pus l'ad gardé par grant honor
Desque la venue sun seignur ;
E li quens par Leynestere
Errant va, avant, arère,
Tan qu'il se prist à conseiller
Qu'il wdra en fin errer
Sur Dovenald O'Brien li reis
Par le conseil de ses Engleis.
Son ost se mist tut à estrus,
De Leynestere les plus vigrus,

Que tuz fussent atendanz,
Veiles, jouenes, petiz e granz,
A la banere e al penun
Le conestable le Gros Reymun.

SEignurs, que Deu vus seit amis,
Chevalers, serjanz e mechins !
Dirrai vus de un chevaler,
Reymund le Gros l'oï nomer ;
Barun esteit icil vaillant,
Vassal, hardi e conquérant,
Asez erent riches e manant
E de ses peres le plus puissant ;
Conestable est Reymun
De Leynestere la régiun ;
Chevalers retint e bone gent
Par le cunte commandement,
Chevalers tint e souders,
Archers, serjanz e poigners
Pur mettre hà hunte e à bellei
De Yrlande les enemis le rei.

ENtendez, seignurs, bone gent,
Si orrez jà apertement :
De un chevaler vus voil cunter
E barun, noble guerrer,
De le conestable le Gros Reymun,
Cum il son ost par tut somun
A munt, à val, en la tere,
Par Mithe e par Leynistere,
Trestut la bachelerie
Bien garnie e ben armé,
Chevalers, serjanz e souders
Des armis garniz e apretez,
Contre Reymund en Osserie
Vienge icel baronie,
E il la fra avant giner
Sur reis O'Brien, que tant est fere.
Li reis yrreis de Osserie
Irrad en lur compaignie,
Ki l'ost, ço dist, pur veir menera
Sur reis O'Brien e guiera,
Desque à Limeric la cité
Les guiera en sauveté.

Que vus irra plus contant,
Plus ne meins, petit ne grant ?
Quant l'ost esteit assemblé,
Vers Monestere est dunc turné ;
E li reis de Osserie
Devant prime les guie,
Vers Monestere les guia,
Sur reis O'Brien cel ost mena.

MÈs Reymund, solum la gent,
N'el cruit pas parfitement
Devant qu'il éust asuré,
Sa fei pleine e juré
Qui jà ne li féist boidie,
Treïsun nul ne tricherie
A lui avant ne à sa gent ;
E li reis hastivement
Li dist lores en oiance :
“ Jà mars averez de ço dutance ;
Eincez tut dreit vus guierai
E sur ma fei vus pleverai.”

Quant li reis aveit ço dist,
Eirent avant sen contredist,
Eirent la nuit e lendeman
Tel hore en boys, tel hore en plein,
Que à un cité vindrent joé
Que Lymeric esteit nomé.
Enclose esteit la cité
De ewe, de mur, de fossé,
Que tuz iceuz de cest monde
Ne passereient san nef u ponde
Ne en yver ne en esté
Ne mès par un mauveise gué.
Passèrent ultre le jor premer
Le fiz Henri, li ber Meiler.
Pur ço déist-il par reisun :
“ Del gué Meiler l’apelerum ;”
Kar quant l’ost de Leynestere
A Lymeric vint en tele manere,
Desque al ewe esteit venus
Que turner volt sen fere plus,
Quant un chevaler de Seint-Davi,
Ki de sa tere esteit nurri

(Meiler out nun le fiz Henri),
A haute voiz leve un cri ;
Le fiz Henri, le ber Meiller,
En haut se prist à hucher,
Devant ala escriant :
“ Passez, chevalers: que alez targant ? ”
En l'ewe ço mist icil errant
Ultre la port le cheval blanc.
Quant passé esteit le chevaler,
Sein Davi ! escriad haut e cler ;
Kar il esteit seignur
Suz dampne Deu le créatur,
E li chevaler par grant duçor
Sein Davi réclama nuit e jur
Que lui fust en aïe
De conquerre chevalerie,
Vertu li donat e loz e pris
Encuntre tuz ses enemis.
Sovent réclama sein Davi
Que il n'el mest en obli,
Que force lui donat e vigur
Entre ses enemis le jor.

A Près lui passèrent asez
Barun, chevalers ben armez.
Einz qu'il fussent tuz passez,
Meint i out le jor neez.

* * * * *

GLOSSARIAL NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

- P. 1, l. 1 and 8. *latimer*, MS.⁴
 l. 3. *faz*, I make. Mod. French, *fais*.
 l. 5. *buche*, mouth. Mod. French, *bouche*.
 l. 6. *Kicest jest endita*, who dictated this account,
 this relation.
 l. 9. *ke*, who.
 l. 10. *lirrai*, I will leave. Mod. Fr. *laisserai*.
- P. 2, l. 15. *amale*, amiable.—*hailes*. ?
 l. 16. *posté*, power, powerfulness.
 l. 23. *yrreis*, Irish.
 l. 32. *truin*, stock. Mod. Fr. *tronc*.
- P. 3, l. 33. *veil*, old.
 l. 37. *seingnés*, learned, well-bred.
 l. 41. *amout*, loved.
 l. 44. *poer*, power.
 l. 52. *pur veir*, truly, indeed.
 l. 53. *reigne*, queen. This word is perhaps for
riens, res, thing.
- P. 4, l. 58. *Que tut freit sa volunté*, that she would
 do all his will.
 l. 59. *ke*, who.
 l. 60. *de richef*, again. Mod. Fr. *derechef*.
 l. 65. *la ramist* : ?. Is it not to be read *l'aramist* ?
 l. 66. *Saver al rei Dermody freit*, she would make
 known to King Dermod.

- P. 4, l. 74. *Que à lui viengent san demure*, they should come to him without delay.
- P. 5, l. 82. *deliverement*, speedily.
- l. 83. *Par le rei commandement*, by the king's command.
- l. 92. sic ; but read : *venist*.
- P. 6, l. 100. *se pleniout*, complained.
- l. 102. *fere*, fierce, stubborn.
- l. 104. *seingnurs*, lords. — *ré* (so we must read), king.
- l. 105. *lores*, then. Mod. Fr. *lors*, *alors*. — *menout*, led.
- l. 107. sic ; but read : *De ci k'en mi Kencelath*, from thence to the middle of Kencelath.
- l. 109. *Iloc*, there. — *solum*, according to. Mod. Fr. *selon*.
- l. 110. *sojorn*, abode. Mod. Fr. *séjour*.
- l. 112. *dolusant*, sorrowful.
- P. 7, l. 123. *meyné*, people, men.
- l. 124. *feseit*, he would cause, make. Mod. Fr. *fit*.
- l. 125. *pout*, could.
- l. 128. *fausit*, should not fail.
- l. 130. sic ; but read : *pramis*, promised.
- l. 131. *Que reis li frunt en cel país*, that they will make him king in this country.
- l. 132. *S'il pount en geiter*, if they can throw out of it.
- l. 134. *s'en turnout*, turned from there.
- P. 8, l. 142. sic ; but read : *guaignun*, dogs.
- l. 143. This word *chançon*, song, is the name given to our poem, for all the poems in the xiith and xiiith centuries, and perhaps before, were sung.

seingnurs, bien est séu, et n'est pas lunge-
ment,
estoient cil proisié et servi largement
qui chantoient les faiz des ancienne gent.

(*le Siège de Jerusalem*, Bodleian MS. No. 4093, Hatton 77 [formerly 68], at the beginning.)

- P. 8. l. 144. *acomplerum*, we will fulfil. Mod. Fr. *accomplirous*.
- l. 149. *pareins*, relatives. Mod. Fr. *parents*.
- l. 154. *fuant*, flying. Mod. Fr. *fuyant*.
- l. 156. *ren*, thing. Mod. Fr. *rien*; Lat. *res*, *rem*.
- l. 157. sic; but read: *son seigneur*, [to] his lord.
- P. 9. l. 162. *sojournout*, lived, remained. Mod. Fr. *séjournoit*.
- l. 166. *se purpensout*, thought of.
- l. 167. *veidie*, cunning, trick.
- l. 168. *cum il pust*, how he could.
- l. 173. *prurere*, priest.
- l. 175. *cel feïs*, this time. Mod. Fr. *cette fois*.
- l. 176. *sou*, his.—*dengin*, dungeon. Mod. Fr. *donjon*.
- P. 10, l. 181. *Si pur moine réuler*, unless for a regular monk.
- l. 182. *paumer*, palmer.
- l. 184. Perhaps one must punctuate thus :
- Le fel, quant vit le rei, errant*
Vers la forest, etc.
- (The felon, when he saw the king, directly towards the forest, etc.)
- l. 187. *conustre*, to know, to recognise.
- l. 190. *quei*, what. Mod. Fr. *quoi*.
- l. 191. sic; but read: *mun*, my.
- l. 192. sic; but read: *si l'*, if it.
- l. 195. *irascu*, cross, enraged.
- l. 196. *tristur*, sorrow.
- P. 11, l. 201. *curteis*, courteous. Mod. Fr. *courtois*.
- l. 210. sic; but read this line thus :
- E que il le voleient prendre.*
[And that they would take him.]

- l. 212. sic. I do not understand this word, unless it is *esguart*.
- l. 214. sic; but the right reading is *purloignant*, delaying.
- P. 12, l. 218. *tollet*, stolen.—*reingné*, kingdom.
- l. 219. *li*, him.
- l. 220. *exulé*, exiled.
- l. 221. sic; but read thus this line:
- A Korkeran est eschippé.*
[Has embarked at Korkeran.]
- l. 222. *waivés*, or *wainés*: ?
- l. 227. *seisante neis*, sixty ships.
- l. 230. *avaint*, they had. Mod. Fr. *avoient*.
- l. 231. *pernent*, they take. Perhaps it should be better to erase the stop which is at the end of this line, and to put one at the end of the following line.
- l. 233. *meinies*, ? monks.
- P. 13, l. 243. *poestifz*, powerful.
- l. 259. *seigneur*: (*seign*, MS.) ? Is it not: of which he was called lord?
- P. 14, l. 260. *al einz qu'il pout*, as fast as he could.
- l. 261. *curt*, court. Mod. Fr. *cour*.—*Pur veir*, truly, indeed.
- l. 263. *juant*, joyful, glad.
- l. 268. *cele fiez*, this time. Mod. Fr. *cette fois*.
- l. 270. *curteisement*, courteously. Mod. Fr. *courtoisement*.
- l. 272. *ke meint*, who lives (*qui manet*).
- l. 273. *vus ward et saut*, may guard and save you!
- l. 274. *donge*, may give.
- l. 277. *hunte*, have.
- l. 279. *dunc su nez*, from whence I am born.
- P. 15, l. 284. *venc*, I come.
- l. 286. *ti*, thy.
- l. 287. sic; but read: *mès*.
- l. 288. *Par si que mai seez aidunt*, at the condition you would be aiding me.

- l. 289. *Que ne sei de tut perdant*, not to lose at all.
- l. 290. *tei*, thee.
- l. 291. *cuntur*, counts, earls.
- l. 294. *volunters*, willingly. Mod. Fr. *volontiers*.
- l. 297. *al repeirer*, to the return.
- P. 16, l. 302. *cum il l'out cher*, had he him dear.
- l. 303. *Quant que il eust mester*, all he might want.
- l. 309. *Ne sai quel, quinzein u un meins*, I do not know which, a fortnight or a month.
- l. 311. *asez aver*, to have enough.
- l. 313. *le leiz* : ?
- l. 314. *verreiment*, truly.
- l. 315. *for de pramesse*, except promise.
- l. 318. *sic* ; but we must read : *pramis*.
- P. 17, l. 330 et 331. *mut*, much.
- l. 332. *acun socurs*, some assistance.
- l. 339. *fute*, flight.
- l. 340. *muller*, wife. Lat. *mulier*.
- l. 341. *ust*, had. Mod. Fr. *eut*.
- l. 343. *durreit*, he would give. Mod. Fr. *donneroit*.
- P. 18, l. 354. *telment*, loyally.
- l. 355. *tai*, thee.
- l. 356. *en iceis*, in these things.
- l. 360. *ne pus*, I cannot (go out).
- P. 19, l. 366. *pleit*, speech.
- l. 368. *fnuat*, he ended. Mod. Fr. *fnit*.
- l. 375. *mere*, sea. Mod. Fr. *mer*.
- l. 380. *a l'ure*, at this hour.
- P. 20, l. 394. *dium*, we say. Mod. Fr. *disons*.
- l. 395 and 397. *délivere*, or better *déliveré*, liberated. Mod. Fr. *délivré*.
- l. 396. *Par la requeste li riche reis*, by the request of the rich king.
- l. 402. *passout*, passed. Mod. Fr. *passoit*.

- P. 20, l. 405. *guerreis*, warriors. Mod. Fr. *guerriers*.
- P. 21, l. 414. *ierunt*, were, erant ; or shall be, erunt.
 l. 423. *latimer*, MS.
 l. 424. After this line, one is wanting to complete the rhyme.
 l. 428. *lué deners*, hired with pence. The MS. has *deuers*.
 l. 429. *pé*, foot. Mod. Fr. *piéd*.
- P. 22, l. 431 and 435. *vodra*, *voidra*, will, wishes. Mod. Fr. *voudra*.
 l. 436. *Richement lus frai feffer*, richly I will cause them to have feoffed.
 l. 437. *durra*, he will give ; but perhaps we must read *durrai*, I will give. If this reading were adopted, the inverted commas should be put at the end of the following line.
 l. 438. *estor* : ?. Perhaps *ator*, garments.
 l. 441. *ço*. Perhaps *se*, himself.
 l. 448. *poetifs*, powerful.
- P. 23, l. 452. *des accz* : ?
 l. 454. *Sei utime compaignuns*, with eight companions.
 l. 461 and 469. *Banne*, this word is dubious in the MS.
- P. 24, l. 475. *léement*, gladly.
 l. 476. *pur ver*, to see. Mod. Fr. *pour voir*.
 l. 478. *fechelis* : ?
 l. 485. *tant tost*, directly. Mod. Fr. *tantôt*.
 l. 491 and 495. *saut*, assault, attack.
- P. 25, l. 496. *Desque i fud aseiri*, till the evening came.
 l. 498. *li aloez*, either the praised (speaking of the king) or the hired men. In the latter case, a comma must be put before this word.
 l. 504. *fenté*, oath of vassalage.
 l. 505. *baroné*, baronage.
 l. 508. *resout*, received.

- P. 25, l. 515. *sojourner*, give rest to.
 l. 516. *sojournout*, remained.
- P. 26, l. 519. the MS. has *Fernes*; which must be the reading.
 l. 520. *p⁹*, MS. perhaps I ought to have put *puis*.
 l. 523. sic; but read *sen* or *sans*, without.
 l. 531. *dutent*, fear. Mod. Fr. *redoutent*.
 l. 535. *debarater*, to play a trick upon, to defeat.
 l. 537. *ki*, that.—*nert remansuz* (read *n'ert*), would not be left.
- P. 27, l. 538. *larrunt*, they will leave.
 l. 540. *eint*, they have. Mod. Fr. *aient*.
 l. 541. *cham*, field. Mod. Fr. *champ*.
 l. 542. *En qu'il ost alast avant* (read *en qui l'ost*, etc.), before the army went on.
 l. 545. *dute*, fear.
 l. 547. sic; but read: *Que tant de gent la lur syvirent*, that so many people followed their men.
 l. 553. *qu'il lout tant fère*, which he had so fierce. The *l* of *lout* was put to point out the pronounciative connection of this word with the preceding.
- P. 28, l. 565. sic; perhaps we must read *ignelpas*, directly.
 l. 573. *hatie*, rage, fury.
 l. 574. *par achej' de tur*, finally, at last.
 l. 579. *naufrez*, wounded.
- P. 29, l. 586. *bandur*, joy.
 l. 593. *prei*, prey. Mod. Fr. *proie*.
 l. 594. *de altre manere*, of other manner.
 l. 597. *fublez*, put on. Mod. Fr. *affublé*.
 l. 599. *adverser*, adversary. This name in the old French poems is commonly given to the Devil.
- P. 30, l. 607. *autreci*, also. Ital. *altresi*.
 l. 609. *cheveintaines*, captains.

- P. 30, l. 619. *baillerint*, they gave.
- P. 31, l. 625. *remis*, remained.
- l. 626. *Kar en eus s'afiout*, for he trusted to them.
- l. 633. *eirs*: ? times.
- l. 641 and 642. *relie*, rallies.
- P. 32, l. 648. *estover*, necessity.
- l. 656. *ad l'ur*, at the hour.
- l. 657. *sic*.
- l. 659. *set scent*, seven hundred. Mod. Fr. *sept cents*.
- l. 667. *déliverement passum*, let us speedily pass.
- P. 33, l. 668. *Que nus fuissoins en la montaine*, to be on the mountain.
- l. 670. *Kar armes eymés le plusurs*, for the most of you, you like arms.
- l. 675. *n'averunt-il*, they shall not have. Mod. Fr. *n'auront-ils*.
- l. 676. *irrum*, we will go. Mod. Fr. *irons*.
- l. 681. *encontrarie*, adversary.
- l. 683. *serrum dutés*, we shall be feared. Mod. Fr. *serons redoutés*.
- l. 687. *champele*, pitched.
- P. 34, l. 690. *eleis*, ardour.
- l. 691. *suerent*, followed. Mod. Fr. *suivirent*.
- l. 692. *aitant*, then.
- l. 694. *friez*, you shall do.
- l. 695. *xl. dis*, forty times ten (400).
- l. 696. *bruce*: ?
- l. 699. *destrez*, behind.
- l. 701. *s'essandrent*: ?
- l. 702. *Detrefes lur frez un vaie*, behind you will make an assault.
- P. 35, l. 715. *tapez*, concealed. Mod. Fr. *tapis*.
- l. 717. *aime*, estimation.
- P. 36, l. 731. *les ques*, who. Mod. Fr. *lesquels*.
- l. 737. *reine*, bridle.—*Blanchard*, the name of a horse, so called because he was white.

- P. 36, l. 741. *champaine*, field. Mod. Fr. *campagne*.
 l. 743. *asez faité*, enough arranged.
 l. 744. *Dunc c'este Morice escrié*, then Morice has cried out.
- P. 37, l. 754. *en juneluns*, on their knees.
 l. 755. sic; but read: *attendirent*, waited upon.
 l. 757. *hanst*, the length of a lance (*hasta*).
 l. 760. *Si cum la prise urent cumplus*: ?
- P. 38, l. 776. *folur*, folly.
 l. 778. *vindrint*, came. Mod. Fr. *vinrent*.
 l. 779. sic.
 l. 782. *estre*, excepting (*extra*).
 l. 791. *que je lou*, what I counsel.
- P. 39, l. 799. *Que n'el augum pursuant*, till we go pursuing him.
 l. 808. *demorirint*, they remained.
 l. 809. *joe*, joy. Mod. Fr. *joie*.—*dédut*, pleasure.
 l. 813. *ficheis*: ?
- P. 40, l. 821. *maladis*, sick. Mod. Fr. *malades*.
- P. 41, l. 836. *tut le plus*, the most.
- P. 42, l. 860. *E que eus feseint aparailer*, and that they would make themselves fitted up.
 l. 868. *serrement*, (perhaps read *ferrement*) fiercely. Mod. Fr. *fièrement*. See l. 1247.
 l. 869. *guiot*, led. Mod. Fr. *guidoit*.
 l. 876. *p*, MS.
- P. 43, l. 879. *noblei*, nobility.
 l. 883. *tut dis*, always.
 l. 884. *utime*, eight days. Mod. Fr. *huitième*, or perhaps, *huitaine*.
 l. 889. *deignout*, deigned. The negation seems to be wanting.
- P. 44, l. 902. *faudrum*, we will fail.
 l. 903. *Pur tant cum nus viverum*, as long as we live. Mod. Fr. *vivrons*.
 l. 905. *tant i pout*, as much as he can. Mod. Fr. *tant qu'il peut*.

- P. 44, l. 910. *ço*, himself. Mod. Fr. *se*.
 l. 913. *savement*, safely.
 l. 915. *heité*, glad.
- P. 45, l. 940 and 941. These lines mean : if I cannot
 take a revenge of him, in me I shall
 have but dolour.
- P. 46, l. 943. *a Deu beneçon*, may God be blessed.
 l. 951. *remis*, remained.
- P. 47, l. 968. *just*, lay (*jacuit*).
 l. 970. *enfantesme*, vision. Mod. Fr. *fantôme*.
 l. 971. *a vers*, as true.
 l. 977. *idunc*, then,
 l. 980. *pur li chef gueiter*, to wait on the front.
 l. 984. *quidout*, they thought.
- P. 48, l. 988. *P⁹*, MS.—*treit*, drawn.
 l. 990. *capeler*, helmet.
 l. 991. *agenuler*, to kneel.
 l. 997. *Que cest erent longgé* (perhaps it would
 be better to read ; *Que c'esteient
 longgé*), who had come unawares.
- P. 49, l. 1012. *ki*, that. Mod. Fr. *que*.
 l. 1013. *contreditur*, contradiction.
 l. 1016. *P⁹*, MS.
 l. 1017. *herdeler* : ?
 l. 1021. *ameimes* : ?
 l. 1022. *reddur*, stiffness. Mod. Fr. *roideur*.
 l. 1023. *pongneur*, warriors (*pugnatores*).
- P. 50, l. 1032. *pristrent usailler* (or perhaps better, *à
 sailler*), they began to assault. Mod.
 Fr. *se prirent à assaillir*.
 l. 1034. *aques*, somewhat (*aliquid*).
- P. 51, l. 1064. *soudeis*, soldiers.
 l. 1065. *lisum*, we read. Mod. Fr. *lisons*.
- P. 52, l. 1075. *notinier*, shipmen. Mod. Fr. *nau-
 tonniers*.
 l. 1079. *Aruele* : ?
- P. 53, l. 1096. *heistez*, glad.
 l. 1097. *saili à pés*, rose upon feet.
 l. 1100. *liveresun*, salary.
 l. 1110. *restur* : ?

- P. 54, l. 1121. *delaement*, delay.
 l. 1125. *beu*, fair. Mod. Fr. *beau*.
- P. 55, l. 1151. *remansrus*, remained.
- P. 56, l. 1163. *peçû*, from a long time.
 l. 1164. *à ceit d'esperun*, with prick of spur,
i. e. with all speed.
- P. 57, l. 1185. *ascit jor*, at this day.
- P. 58, l. 1210. *suent*, should follow. Mod. Fr. *sui-vent*.
- P. 59, l. 1217. *jout*, was lying (*jacuit*).
 l. 1223. *sic*.
 l. 1226. *si purpensout*, thought.
 l. 1231. *aver pout*, could have.
- P. 60, l. 1241. *de f'effement*, by the law of their tenure.
 l. 1248. *aprucent*, approach.
- P. 61, l. 1258. *ateinstrent*, they reached.
 l. 1274. *sic*; but read: *soudeier*, hire soldiers.
 Mod. Fr. *soudoyer*.
- P. 62, l. 1278. *sic*.
 l. 1285. *cafs*, bald. Mod. Fr. *chauves*.
- P. 63, l. 1303. *remansist*, would remain (*remaneret*).
 l. 1310. *se qui*, I think so.
 l. 1313. *brut* (*sic*), noise. Mod. Fr. *bruit*.
 l. 1316. *plessier*, to incumber.
 l. 1317. *Par unc il deveint passer*, through
 which they were to pass. Mod. Fr.
par où ils devoient passer.
- P. 64, l. 1319. *garnis*, warned.
 l. 1327. *trecherie*, treachery, perfidy. Mod.
 Fr. *tricherie*.
 l. 1328. *agueite*, ambushade.
 l. 1335. *frums*, we shall do. Mod. Fr. *ferons*.
 l. 1336. *responderunt*, answered. Mod. Fr.
répondirent. Lat. *responderunt*.
- P. 65, l. 1340. *Asez se tindrint coïment*, they held
 themselves quietly enough.
 l. 1341. *Cum de ço ne susent rien*, as they
 knew nothing of that.
 l. 1350. *despandu*, spread. Mod. Fr. *répandue*.

- depoplé*, ? published. Mod. Fr. *publiée*.
- P. 66, l. 1374. *eloec*, there.
 l. 1376. *soudener à pé*, foot soldier.
 l. 1377. *sithezein*, citizen.
 l. 1378. *p⁹*, MS.—*murit*, died. Mod. Fr. *mourut*.
- P. 67, l. 1385. *enparler*, speaker, orator, councillor.
 l. 1386. *sen*, sense.—*saver*, learning. Mod. Fr. *savoir*.
 l. 1390. *lerrum*, we will leave.
 l. 1397. *affermout*, firmed himself.
 l. 1398. *otrei*, permission.
 l. 1399. *poant*, powerful.
- P. 68, l. 1405. *oz*, daring.
 l. 1407. *p⁹*, MS.
- P. 69, l. 1432. *agranter*, to destroy.
 l. 1439. *ceinz*, here. Mod. Fr. *céans*.
- P. 70, l. 1454. *conrei*, troop, company.
 l. 1464. *le derein conré*, the last company.
 l. 1465. *S'en fuerent par cel effré*, fled away by this fright.
- P. 71, l. 1473. *Cen afailiz erent le jor* : ?
 l. 1478. *baesse*, girl.
 l. 1479. *tempre de ascer*, either of tempered steel, or, directly of steel.
 l. 1480. *que*, who. Mod. Fr. *qui*.
 l. 1481. *aphateisés* : ?
- P. 72, l. 1504. *vile*, eve. Mod. Fr. *veille*.
- P. 74, l. 1536. *Ne mès qu'il ust la seignurie*, at the only condition he had the lordship.
 l. 1540. *P⁹*, MS.
 l. 1548. *le cuntur*, of the count.
 l. 1549. *li pugnœur*, the warrior.
 l. 1550. *de fi*, certainly (*de fide*).
- P. 75, l. 1557. *sauderunt*, they will assault.
 l. 1561. *forciblement*, forcibly.
 l. 1565. *warde*, guard, ward.

- P. 76, l. 1575. *cunreis*, troops.
 l. 1579. *corocement*, wrath, raging. Mod. Fr. *courroux*.
 l. 1592. Here a word appears to be wanting. Perhaps we must read: *en ceste hure*, at this hour.
 l. 1595. *fossaés*, ditched.
- P. 77, l. 1616. *l'are-wardé*, the rear of the army. Mod. Fr. *l'arrière-garde*.
- P. 78, l. 1632. *iurenez*: ?
- P. 79, l. 1642. *avué*, defender (*advocatus*).
 l. 1653. *p⁹*, MS.
 l. 1654. *foren*, foreign.
- P. 80, l. 1667. *ne savient*, did not know. Mod. Fr. *ne savoient*.—*partir*, partake, divide. Mod. Fr. *partager* (*partiri*).
 l. 1674. *enuet*, it annoyed.
 l. 1676. *Ki tant remist le parlement*, that the conference remained so long.
- P. 81, l. 1684. *haticé*: ?
 l. 1686. *losé*, daring.
 l. 1688. *devant qu'il* (perhaps it is better to put *qui l'*) *sust Dermod le jur*, before Dermod knew it this day.
 l. 1693. *fute*, flight. Mod. Fr. *fuite*. The MS. has *sute*, which is evidently wrong.
- P. 82, l. 1707. *andu*, both (*ambo duo*).
 l. 1712. *garison*, ammunicions.
 l. 1713. *fuisun*, plenty. Mod. Fr. *foison*.
 l. 1719. *aüst*, August. Mod. Fr. *août*.
- P. 83, l. 1744. *p⁹*, MS.
- P. 85, l. 1771. *der regard*: ?
- P. 88, l. 1844. *p⁹*, MS.
 l. 1848. *quant*, all that (*quantum*).
- P. 89, l. 1852. *a nul fere*, by no means.
 l. 1855. *lirreit*, he would leave.
 l. 1865. *à estrus*, directly.

- P. 89, l. 1866. *orgulus*, proud. Mod. Fr. *orgueilleux*.
- P. 90, l. 1871. *E si ço ne li vent à gré*, and if that does not please him. Mod. Fr. *vient*.
- l. 1873. *osfre*, offer. Mod. Fr. *offre*.
- l. 1887. *sent*, one hundred. Mod. Fr. *cent*.
- l. 1891. *pugners*, warriors.
- P. 91, l. 1895. *aduriz*, hardened.
- l. 1898. *souder*, soldiers.
- l. 1900. *ces*, his. Mod. Fr. *ses*.
- l. 1901. *ço*, himself. Mod. Fr. *se*.
- l. 1905. *à terce conrei*, at the third company.
- P. 92, l. 1917. *ynaus*, quick, sudden.
- l. 1919. sic. *cencens* : ?
- P. 93, l. 1944. *amervolant*, marvelling.
- l. 1949. *ossis*, killed. Mod. Fr. *occis*.
- P. 94, l. 1961. *ferin* : ?
- l. 1967. *eire*, tour.
- l. 1972. *liuent* : ?
- P. 95, l. 1997. *reliout*, rallied.
- l. 1998. *egrement*, sharply. Mod. Fr. *aigrement*.
- P. 96, l. 2006. *chapé*, cap. Mod. Fr. *chape*.
- l. 2007. *sete*, arrow (*sagitta*).—*oscist*, killed.
- l. 2012. *astive* : ?
- l. 2013. *pere*, stone. Mod. Fr. *pierre*.
- l. 2017. *del* (read *E li*) *boys*, and the wood.—*p^o*, MS.
- P. 97, l. 2021. *eloc*, there.
- l. 2031. *sonz mentir*, without lying. Mod. Fr. *sans mentir*.
- l. 2036. *encelé*, sealed.
- P. 98, l. 2044. sic.
- l. 2045. *sorur*, sisters.
- l. 2047. *enforciblement*, with much forces.
- l. 2058. *adrescereit*, he would repair, redress.
- l. 2062. *Par si que quite s'en pust realer*, at the condition he could go away.
- P. 99, l. 2069. The comma which is at the end of this line is perhaps useless.

- l. 2074. *s'en put partir*, he can go.
 l. 2079. *E sanement s'en pu partir*, and safely he could go.
- P. 100, l. 2086. *cuncte* (sic), count.
 l. 2087. *acopé*, accused. Mod. Fr. *inculpé*.
- P. 101, l. 2118. *la meine i met*, to put his hand.
 l. 2120. *asuie* : ?
- P. 102, l. 2132. *nef*, nine. Mod. Fr. *neuf*.
 l. 2134. *curte*, court.
 l. 2140. *a sun gant plee*, MS. but it is evident that it must be read *guant plee*, has folded his glove. Mod. Fr. *a son gant ployé*. See, on this ceremony, the *Roman de la Violette*, p. 292, note; and *la Chanson de Roland*, p. 202, col. 1.
- P. 103, l. 2163. *wunt*, they go. Mod. Fr. *vont*.
 l. 2168. sic; but read *unt*, they have. Mod. Fr. *ont*.
- P. 104, l. 2174. *p⁹*, MS. So again l. 2184.
 l. 2187. *pleis* : ?—*ballout*, he gave. Mod. Fr. *baillait*.
 l. 2192. *à l'ures*, ? at the hour. Mod. Fr. *à l'heure*.
 l. 2193. *tent*, holds. Mod. Fr. *tient* (*tenet*).
- P. 105, l. 2196. *tendrent*, held. Mod. Fr. *tiennent*.
 l. 2198. *sulum*, according to. Mod. Fr. *selon*.
- P. 106, l. 2236. *Del fiz le rei de maïsté*, at the name of the son of the king of majesty.
- P. 107, l. 2240. sic; but read *Deu*, God.
 l. 2242. *auques*, somewhat (*aliquid*).
 l. 2246. *maveise entisement*, bad excitation.
 l. 2252. *coruce*, wrath, anger, passion. Mod. Fr. *courroux*.
- P. 108, l. 2266. sic.
 l. 2267. *new*, nephew. Mod. Fr. *neveu*.
 l. 2273. This is a misprint. *Par* ought to be *Pur*, as in the MS.

- P. 109, l. 2299 and 2301. *par encosté*, by side. Mod. Fr. *à, par côté*.
- P. 110, l. 2309. *seimis*, are. Mod. Fr. *sommes* (*sumus*).
- P. 111, l. 2332. *en dreite*, just at.
- P. 112, l. 2344. *nis nul*, not even one.—*sunt* (sic), his. Mod. Fr. *son*.
- l. 2348. *lanceer e segeter*, to strike with lances and arrows.
- l. 2349. *muraus*, walls.
- l. 2350. *kerneus*, battlements.
- l. 2357. *hاتیé*, vigour, ardour.
- P. 113, l. 2368. Perhaps it would be better to put *s'unt férusz*, have striked : *si* is an expletive particle.
- l. 2371. *assente* (read *assenté*) : ?
- l. 2375. *ki trefs erent remis*, who remained behind.
- l. 2386. *joude*. See, on the meaning of this word, Jo. Georgius Eccardus, *in-certi monachi Weissenburgensis catechesis Theotisca*. Impensis Nicolai Försteri, bibliopol. Avl. Hanov. M DCC XIII, 8^o, p. 175-178 ; and *Commentarii de rebus Franciæ Orientalis*, vol. I, Wirceburgi, typis Henrici Engmann, M DCC XXIX, folio, p. 872-873.
- P. 114, l. 2399. *eshauduz* (sic), glad, joyful.
- l. 2407. *discipline*, carnage, slaughter.
- P. 115, l. 2408. *lée la marine*, near the sea.
- l. 2411. *qu'erent meué*, which was made. Put a comma at the end of this line.
- P. 116, l. 2433. *devoroie*, I ought. Mod. Fr. *devois*.
- l. 2434. *artire*, directly, one after another.
- l. 2445. *cosuit*, followed, traced.
- P. 117, l. 2470. *P⁹*, MS.
- P. 118, l. 2475. *eskauz* : ?
- l. 2483. *verament*, truly. Mod. Fr. *vraiment*.

- l. 2487. *departri* (sic), divided.
- P. 119, l. 2493. *Issi larrum la reisun*, here we will leave speaking.
- l. 2497. sic; but read *vint*.
- l. 2499. *este-vus*, behold.
- l. 2500. *traiterez*, traitors. Mod. Fr. *traîtres*. —*duzze*, twelve. Mod. Fr. *douze*.
- l. 2511. sic.
- P. 120, l. 2515. *ki*, that. Mod. Fr. *que*.
- l. 2517. sic; but read *ne 'l*.—*scire*, lords.
- l. 2520. *eimes*, we are.
- l. 2521. *awm*, we have. Mod. Fr. *avons*.
- l. 2527. *navire*, navy.
- P. 121, l. 2536. *descofret*, discover. Mod. Fr. *découvre*.
- l. 2538. *been*, well. Mod. Fr. *bien*.
- l. 2540. *p^o*, MS.
- l. 2541. *asueré* (sic, but read *aséuré*), assured. Mod. Fr. *assuré*.
- l. 2544. sic.
- l. 2550. sic; but read *Pur quei*, why. Mod. Fr. *pourquoi*.
- l. 2555. *amout*, liked. Mod. Fr. *aimoit*.
- P. 122, l. 2559. *murthrir*, to murder.
- l. 2562. *coruz*, wrath, anger.
- l. 2568. *lauté*, loyalty. Mod. Fr. *loyauté*.
- l. 2570. *bues*, chains, fetters.—*avuns*: ?
- P. 123, l. 2577. *attendrent*, waited for.
- l. 2591. sic.
- P. 124, l. 2613. sic. *eiudegré*: ?
- l. 2616. *cord*, agreement. Mod. Fr. *accord*.
- P. 125, l. 2617. Read *arivé*.
- l. 2619. sic.
- l. 2622. *en anelé* (perhaps better *enanelé*), in chains.
- P. 126, l. 2641. *pleju* (read *pleia*), folded. Mod. Fr. *ploya*. See before, p. 102, l. 2140.
- l. 2643. *lui saverat retter*, he will know how to accuse him.
- l. 2657. *p^o*, MS.

- P. 127, l. 2677. *dis e wit simeins*, eighteen weeks. Mod. Fr. *dix-huit semaines*.
- P. 128, l. 2684. *Peito*, Poitou.—*Anjo*, Anjou.—*Almaine*, Germany. Mod. Fr. *Allemagne*.
- l. 2694. sic ; but read : *Ne de nul autre région*.
- P. 130, l. 2725. *eynces*, before.
- l. 2736. *p⁹*, MS. This line is misprinted. Read *Ki pus i suffri maint [a]han*.
- l. 2737. *P⁹*, MS.
- P. 131, l. 2749. *le conetable*, the constable's jurisdiction. Mod. Fr. *connétable*.
- l. 2753. *wdra*, I will. Mod. Fr. *voudrai*.
- l. 2761. *a demi lui* (sic), at half a league. Mod. Fr. *à demi-lieue*.
- P. 132, l. 2781. The negation was forgotten here ; so we must read *ne deignout*, disdained.
- P. 133, l. 2791. We have misread the MS. which has *Rob'* i. e. *Rober*, to make robbery in. Put a comma at the end of this line.
- l. 2802. *vias* : ?
- l. 2808. As the MS. is defective in this place, we may read also [*poes*]tis, powerful.
- l. 2809. sic ; but read *Que tint*, who held.
- P. 134, l. 2823 and 2826. *p⁹*, MS.
- P. 135, l. 2844. sic ; but read : *l'enseigne*, the standard.
- P. 136, l. 2853. *p⁹*, MS.
- P. 137, l. 2879. *euoiter* : ?
- P. 138, l. 2908. *quant*, as many (*quantum*).
- l. 2910. *deques*, as far as.
- P. 139, l. 2923. *reals*, for the king.
- P. 140, l. 2939. *p⁹*, MS.—*mist*, lived, remained.
- l. 2947. *druvesuns* : ?
- P. 141, l. 2972. *meins* (sic), month. Mod. Fr. *mois*.
- l. 2975. *brande* : ?

- P. 142, l. 2989. sic ; but it is evident that we must read *covers treïter*, felon traitors.
- l. 2995. *demeyn*, domestic.
- P. 143, l. 3010. *à cel feez*, at this time.
- l. 3015. *iddle*, island. Mod. Fr. *île*.
- P. 144, l. 3034. sic ; but read: *l'enseigne*, the standard.
- P. 145, l. 3045. *greins*, of a bad temper.—*nus* : ? sic ; but perhaps we ought to read *irus*, angry (*iratus*).
- l. 3047. *largis as trestuz*, large to all.
- l. 3048. *fublé*, put on. Mod. Fr. *affublé*.
- l. 3050. *Quant al matin fust digné*, when in the morning he had dined.
- l. 3051. *Sus cel n'ut home plus heité*, under the sky there was not a more merry man.
- l. 3060. *us dirrai*, I will tell you.
- l. 3066. *p⁹*, MS.
- P. 146, l. 3076. *devant* (sic ; but read *devant que*), before.
- l. 3078. *feiz*, fiefs. Mod. Fr. *fiefs*.—*divise*, condition.
- l. 3079. *Pur dis chevalers servise*, for a service of ten knights.
- l. 3081. *prosein*, near. Mod. Fr. *prochain*.
- l. 3083. *p⁹*, MS.
- l. 3086. id.
- l. 3088. We may read *le nas*, or *le uas*.
- P. 147, l. 3100. *Johan de Clahaule la marchausie*, to John of Clahaule the marshalsy.
- P. 148, l. 3124. *p⁹*, MS.
- P. 149, l. 3138. idem.
- l. 3142. We may read *uaugle* easily.
- l. 3155. *memes* : ?
- P. 150, l. 3156 et 3157. *p⁹*, MS.
- l. 3163. id.
- l. 3174. id.

- P. 151, l. 3184. *surueint*, MS.
- P. 152, l. 3207. sic.
 l. 3211. *p^o*, MS.
 l. 3214. *le veil flori*, the old hoary.
 l. 3217. We might read *O'Lortan* in the MS.
- P. 153, l. 3222. *p^o*, MS.
 l. 3225 et 3226. id.
 l. 3228. id.
- P. 155, l. 3273. sic ; but read *hiresun*. Mod. Fr. *hérisson*.
 l. 3283. *bloys e ruz*, fair and red haired. Mod. Fr. *blonds et roux*.
- P. 156, l. 3296. Where a letter is put between brackets, the MS. is defective.
 l. 3297. *dirrai* (sic), I will not say.
 l. 3299. *sarrai*, I should be. Mod. Fr. *serois*.
 l. 3300. *mot*, the elevation of earth on which a castle stood. Mod. Fr. *motte*.
 l. 3304. *feiz*, facts, actions. Mod. Fr. *faits*.
- P. 157, l. 3309. *esperimere* : ?
 l. 3311. *hore*, then.
 l. 3318. *se eiser*, to be at ease.
 l. 3323. *al ferrant*, on the horse.
 l. 3327. *atenist*, reached. Mod. Fr. *atteignit*.
- P. 158, l. 3331. *reponduz*, concealed, hidden.
 l. 3336. *P^o*, MS.
 l. 3345. *wdra*, will. Mod. Fr. *voudra*.
 l. 3349. *vigrus*, vigorous. Mod. Fr. *vigoureux*.
- P. 159, l. 3351. *veiles*, old men. Mod. Fr. *vieux*.
 l. 3353. *conestablie*, constable.
 l. 3360. *aseez erent* (sic), he was enough.
 l. 3361. *peres*, peers. Mod. Fr. *pairs*.
 l. 3367. *poigners*, warriors (*pugnatores*).
 l. 3368. *hà*, to. Mod. Fr. *à*.—*bellei* : ?
- P. 160, l. 3379. sic ; but read : *Ben armé e bien garnie*.

- l. 3381. sic.—*armis*, arms, weapons.
l. 3384. sic; but read *guier*, to lead. Mod.
Fr. *guider*.
l. 3385. sic.
P. 161, l. 3392. *irra* for *irrai*, I will go.
l. 3403. sic; but read *plevie*, pledged.
P. 162, l. 3416. *joé*: ?
l. 3421. *ponde*, bridge. Mod. Fr. *pont*.
P. 163, l. 3441. *l'aport* (so we must read), bears him.
P. 164, l. 3459. *neez*, drowned. Mod. Fr. *noyés*.

FINIS.

UNIVERSITY of CALIFORNIA
AT
LOS ANGELES

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
University of California

SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

305 De Neve Drive - Parking Lot 17 • Box 951388

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90095-1388

Return this material to the library from which it was borrowed.

MAR 7 5 2008



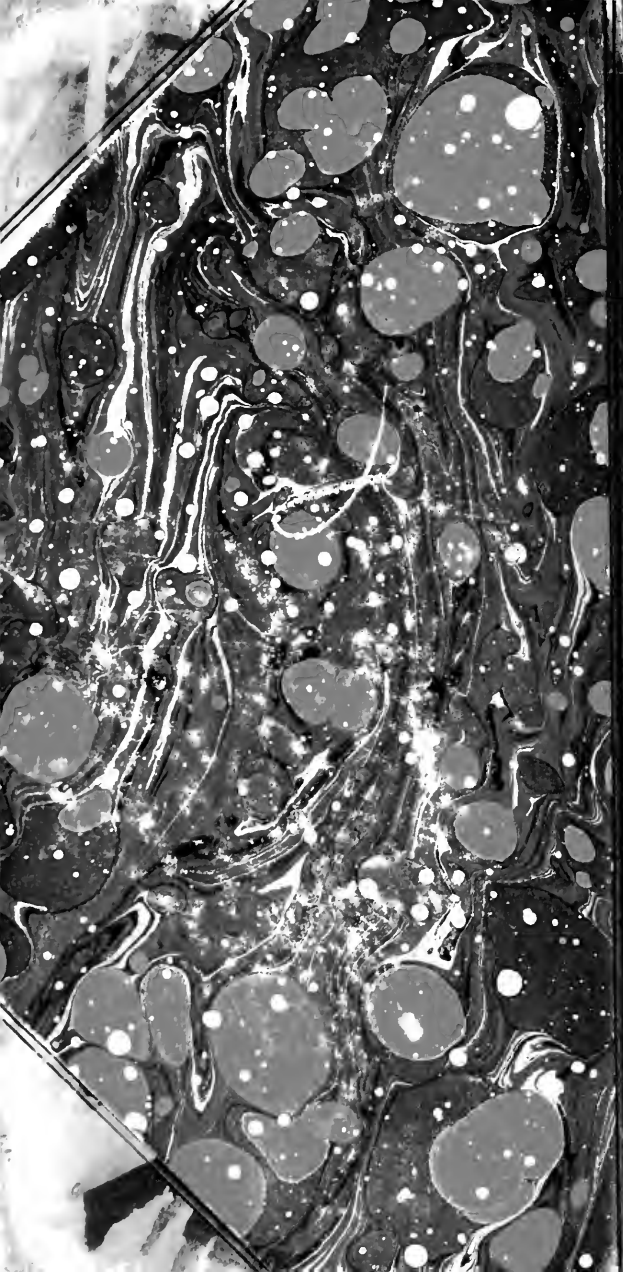
3 1158 00733 7370

7³
p

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 537 477 2



Univ
S
I